# LOOKING FORWARD

BISHOP CANNON is reported recently to have said that he had instructed his lawyers to look over the newspapers and magazines of the last two years for the purpose of finding out if any of the alleged news articles about him were libelous. Having bagged the Senate Lobby Committee, he is now presumably after bigger game. He will thumb press files—including the Outlook no doubt—for misstatements, to see what can be done about lawsuits.

IT WILL BE of interest to every one to observe how the Bishop makes out on this new adventure. Most men who have had disagreements with newspapers and journals are as convinced of the unfairness of the press as the majority of men who work on the same magazines and papers are certain of their integrity and honor. No newspaper man lives who does not feel his blood quicken at any suggestion that the press is dishonest or unfair, although he will readily acknowledge that many a magazine or newspaper on which he has worked has proved itself anything but free and brave in certain situations. Despite such lapses, nevertheless, he will defend the general statement that the reporting of facts to the American public, whether by individual reporters or through the great associations, is probably one of the best and most thoroughly honest pieces of work to be found in the country.

IN THIS present instance, if the Bishop will really drop politics for a while and devote himself to finding out if the press of the country unfairly reports facts, including prohibition, and treats him as its protagonist, libelously, he will do his country a real service. For the charge itself is a common one. Not only prohibitionists, but most Socialists, Communists, clergymen, reformers and nearly every one with a cause will tell any one who will listen that newspapers and journals are biased, from reporter to editor. We have even heard the statement made about *The Voice*, the official organ of the Methodist Board.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

VOLUME 155 NUMBER 8

# OUTLOOK
## and Independent

## June 25, 1930


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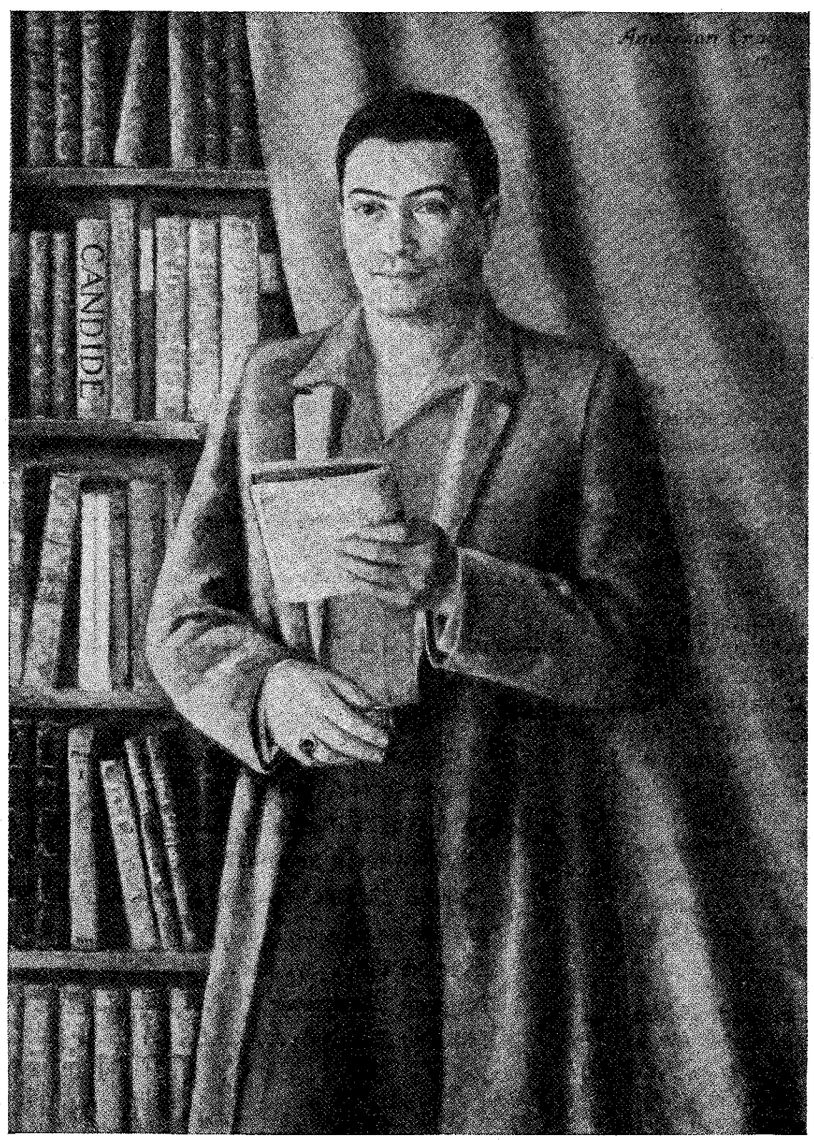


*E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS*
*From a portrait by Anderson Craig*

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

June 25, 1930

# Voltaire from Kansas

## *Portrait of E. Haldeman-Julius*

By LOUIS ADAMIC

*Over 150 million "Little Blue Books" in more than 1500 titles have been sold. E. Haldeman-Julius, who has sold them, believes himself a benefactor of mankind, and a great success. Mr. Adamic here analyzes his methods, and gives the philosophy of one who feels a spiritual kinship to Voltaire*

E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS makes no secret of his own high estimate of himself; he is a self-made man, a unique and amazing success. "Amazing" is his favorite adjective in describing achievements of the past, present and future. He has indicated, in his own publications, that he is the most effective enemy of bunk in the United States, a Voltaire employing modern American methods of showmanship and salesmanship to fight bunk and everything else that is but ought not to be. He admits that in fighting bunk he uses bunk and justifies this apparent inconsistency by saying, in effect, that firemen sometimes employ fire to extinguish a fire.

Tens of thousands of people share Haldeman-Julius' opinions of himself. He is a Big Man, possessing rare courage, real Voltairean gusto, a high sense of values, sound ideas about most things under the sun, exquisite literary taste and ability, and infinite business acumen. All of these virtues and powers, among others equally desirable in a man, have happily contrived to make him, in a single decade, a potent and beneficent force in America's social and intellectual life. George Jean Nathan and John Cowper Powys, for instance, both credited with great perspicacity, are said to regard him and his work very highly. There are others, however, and they also seem to be persons of discernment, whose opinions of him and his racket, as they contemptuously refer to his business, are scarcely quotable. That he is a success admits of no question, however.

Twenty years ago, when *Das Kapital* was a widely read book in the United States and a great wave of radicalism rolled over the country, young Emanuel Julius—his full name in those humble days—was a writer of radical articles about the evils of American society for proletarian papers. He was a short, rather crude though likable lad of twenty or so, with an aggressive if slightly uncertain manner, buttoned up in a shabby sweater, wearing frayed trousers while haunting the musty sanctums of Socialist and Labor sheets in New York.

Today E. Haldeman-Julius is a rich man, and he and his products are almost as well known in the United States and elsewhere as are the names of Henry Ford and William Wrigley, Jr., and their respective wares. He drives expensive cars, lives on his estate outside the town of Girard, Kansas, has a stable of horses, and poses for pictures, with a labored sort of nonchalance, in fancy dressing-gowns.

A success, obviously; an amazing success, for he has made his fortune in a single decade by publishing books at a nickel apiece. So far he has sold over 150 million copies of more than 1500 different titles; 50 million in the last three years; and purposes to sell a *billion* more in the next decade.

Several "success" articles have been printed about him during the last six years. He is well known abroad, and his enterprise and success are being studied by serious European writers interested in the American scene. Early this year, for instance, *Mercure de France,* perhaps the outstanding periodical on the Continent, published a long treatise upon his success as a mirror of the American people's reading tastes, national culture, mob aspirations and motives.

His own published opinions of himself may be extravagant; but his success deserves, I think, serious scrutiny by students of American mentality. His book, *The First Hundred Million,* published in 1928 by Simon and Schuster, in which he tells with considerable frankness how he succeeded in selling that number of "Little Blue Books" in nine years, is an important document worthy of shelf-room next to the Lynns' *Middletown.*

IT MAY BE that Haldeman-Julius gives himself too much credit. It seems to me that, like every other success, he is more or less an accident. I can imagine far better men failing in his sort of business. Indeed, better men have failed or succeeded only in a small way in selling literature at very low prices. They have lacked his background—the background of the radical press of twenty years ago.

But to begin at the beginning of him: Emanuel Julius was born July 10, 1889, down near the Delaware River in Philadelphia. The house was torn down

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a few years ago to make room for the Philadelphia-Camden Bridge—"and from now on," he says, "those who wish to celebrate my birthplace will have to crawl under the bridge." His parents were Jewish immigrants from Odessa, Russia, who had arrived in the United States about ten years before Emanuel was born. His mother is dead. His father, David Julius, a good bookbinder of the old school, is still living; he once bound a set of Theodore Roosevelt's books for the Colonel himself.

Emanuel had very little schooling. His father, however, always had books around the house and the boy developed into an avid reader of everything that he could get hold of at an early age. Many of the books he read were radical social treatises. He went to work in his mid-'teens; first he was an usher in a theatre, then a bellboy in a school for girls, then a copy-holder in the proof-room of a Philadelphia newspaper.

In his late 'teens he began to come in contact with the radicals in Philadelphia and joined the Socialist Party. He did all kinds of jobs, selling literature and making collections at meetings. He says that for a time he enjoyed a local reputation as "a good, punchy soapboxer," but those who have heard him speak from the platform in late years doubt that. He met some of the big leaders of the American radical movement of that period before he was twenty.

At twenty, developing journalistic ambitions, he went to New York to try his hand as a free-lance writer. He starved awhile; then he became a reporter on the New York *Call,* a Socialist daily, and wrote also for other radical sheets, such as the *Coming Nation,* printed at Girard under the auspices of the *Appeal to Reason.* His work was the usual shabby Socialist stuff.

In 1912, he went as a reporter to the Milwaukee *Leader,* then a new Socialist paper. Next we find him in Chicago, on the *Daily World,* another radical sheet. Then he went to California, but, after working on two or three Socialist sheets in Los Angeles and elsewhere, he discovered that the radical movement in the state was declining fast. Seeing that his future as a radical journalist in California was slim, Julius returned to New York, to become dramatic critic and Sunday editor of the *Call.* And finally, in 1915, he went to Girard, Kansas, to help edit the rapidly declining *Appeal to Reason,* whose owner and chief editor, J. A. Wayland, had committed suicide the year before.

Such were the beginnings of Haldeman-Julius' career. His apprenticeship on radical journals before he was twenty-five had a vital effect upon his subsequent character and career as a publicist. To understand this, it is necessary to know something of the character of the radical press in America fifteen or twenty years ago.

AT THAT TIME, for reasons too involved to be gone into here, the country was turning red. The Socialists were electing mayors and other public officials everywhere. There were several big radical journals. The *Appeal to Reason* at one time had a regular circulation of over 600,000, which during campaigns often rose to three million a week.

Upton Sinclair's *Brass Check* is an exposé of the awful evils of the conservative or capitalistic press, but a similar book could be written about the proletarian press which would put the leadership of the American radical movement and especially the editors of radical sheets in a worse light than Sinclair's treatise put the capitalist system. Here I will merely suggest a few facts about the *Appeal to Reason,* with which Haldeman-Julius was connected for two years before he took it over.

The appeal of the *Appeal to Reason* was to anything but reason. Its chief editorial writer, Eugene Debs, was an intense emotionalist, constantly frothing at his mouth. It appealed to the proletarian mob's prejudices and fears, exploiting its hunger. Editor Wayland, while a radical and even an idealist in theory, was a selfish and rather clever mob-master, an opportunist and quack, cashing in on the plight of the American underdog.

While on the *Appeal* in 1915, Julius met Miss Marcet Haldeman, daughter of a well-to-do banker in Girard and niece of Jane Addams; a capable, generous young woman "with strange ability," as Charles J. Finger puts it, "to bring sentiment under the control of reason." She was interested in social work and was trying to write.

They were married in 1916, hyphenating their names into Haldeman-Julius. By 1917 the circulation of the *Appeal,* along with the rest of the American radical movement, had dwindled to almost nothing; the paper was for sale, and the Haldeman-Juliuses bought it. They became partners in business. Marcet supplied most of the money. It was up to Emanuel to supply managerial ability. In 1919, he changed the name of the paper to *Haldeman-Julius Weekly.* It was still Socialistic, with touches of Menckenism now and then.

At the same time Haldeman-Julius began to publish, as an experiment, good literature in small paper-bound volumes, under the general name of "People's Pocket Series." Among his first titles were *The Rubaiyat, The Trial and Death of Socrates* and *The Ballad of Reading Gaol.* He sold them at 25 cents apiece. The other titles measured up with these in excellence. "I thought," he says, "that it might be possible to put books within the reach of every one, rich or poor, though mostly poor—books that they would want, and which they could choose for the sake of the books alone. By that I mean that I dreamed of publishing in such quantities that I could sell them at a price which would put all books on the same level [in regard to cost.]"

He was trying to start a series of small books modeled on the *Universal-Bibliothek* of the German publisher, Phillip Reclam, whose little volumes, in their simple red-paper covers, were known the world over, selling at 20 *pfennig* before the War and at three marks right after the War. The Reclam series had then nearly 7000 titles, most of them rich in solid value, well-edited and well-printed.

At first Haldeman-Julius' success was meager. The sales ran into hundreds of thousands and presently into millions, but his production cost was high, for the old *Appeal* mechanical equipment was antiquated and inefficient. Even so he managed, in 1921, to reduce the price of his booklets to 10 cents, and thereafter he began to see great possibilities for his business. In 1922 and '23 he added several hundred new titles and the series began to have a good deal of merit. It offered at a low price reprints of many excellent books, and in widely separated fields: most of the plays of Shakespeare; some of those of Ibsen, Molière and Oscar Wilde; such tried favorites as *Alice in Wonderland,* Aesop's fables and Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales; good selections from the stories of Balzac, de Maupassant, Kipling, Hardy, Tolstoi, Andreyev, Anatole France and Victor Hugo; volumes of essays and aphorisms by Montaigne, Bacon, Chesterfield, Schopenhauer, Huxley, Tolstoi and the Greeks; some books of sound criticism; a lot of good poetry; volumes of proverbs; a few practical handbooks;

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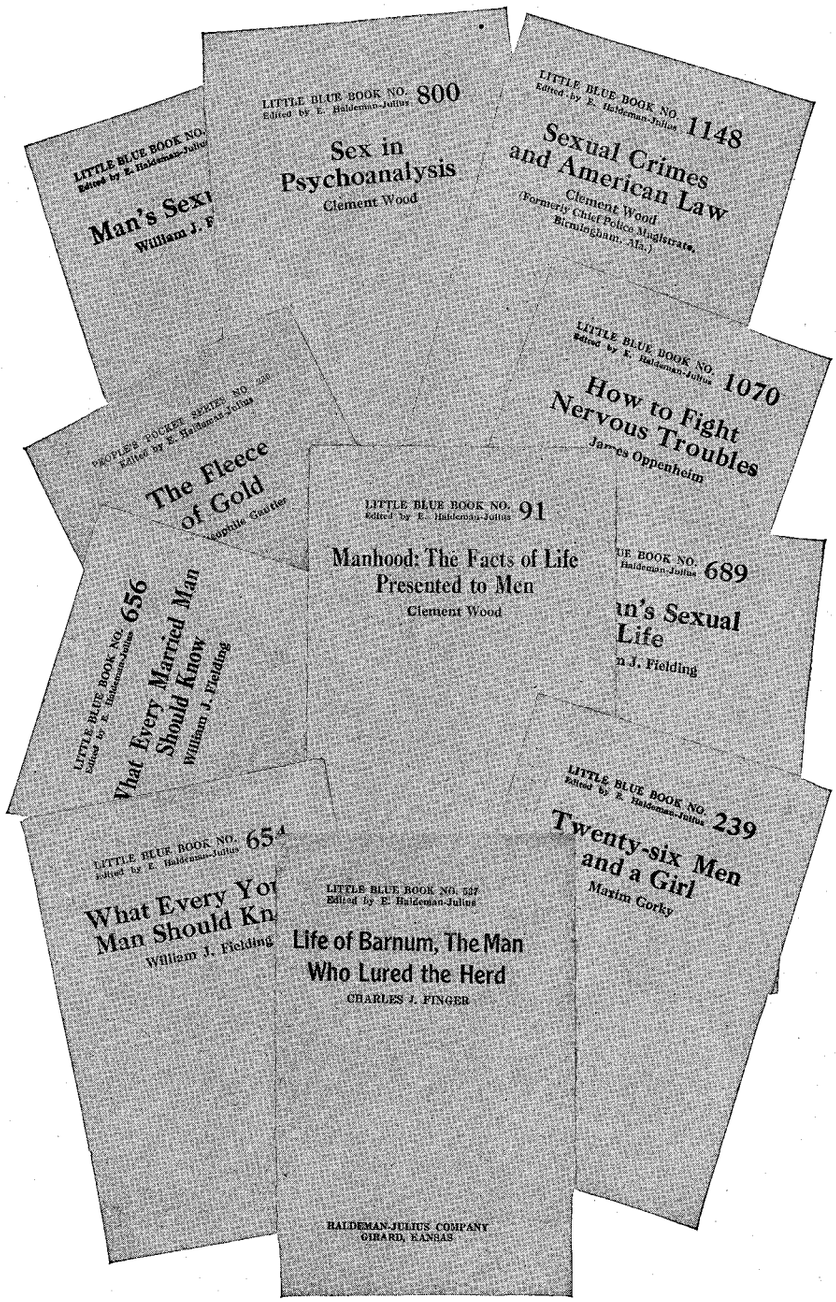
some amusing reports of debates. It contained also a score or so of hokum titles, such as *How to Develop a Strong Will, How to Be a Leader of Others* and *How to Develop a Magnetic Personality*. There were a few anti-religious treatises and radical tracts by obscure atheists and Socialists.

The series had many of the earmarks of a Socialist enterprise. The editing and printing showed the usual sloppiness and incompetence of the radical press. Unlike the Reclam titles, Haldeman-Julius booklets were printed in a half a dozen different sizes and faces of type, and sometimes two in the same volume. They were badly proofread and clumsily trimmed.

In 1924 he acquired new equipment for his plant, eventually reducing the cost of production to a penny per book, and started to add an average of fifty titles a month. He changed the name of the series to "Little Blue Books," and the editing and appearance of the booklets began to improve. At the same time he commenced to buy pages of advertising space in all sorts of national publications, from *Liberty* to the *Nation*, selling the books at 5 cents provided the orders reached him by a certain date. After that, he announced, the price would go back to a dime; all the while intending, as he admits, to keep it at a nickel.

Orders came in floods. By 1928 he sold 100 million books, most of them at five cents, using all kinds of trick advertising. *Publisher's Weekly* and other papers censured him for his advertising methods, but their criticism never touched him; if he was a quack, he was a quack in a good cause—that of selling good literature at the lowest possible price, thus making it available to everybody. He boasted of his methods.


LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 800
Sex in Psychoanalysis
Clement Wood
LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 1148
Sexual Crimes and American Law
Clement Wood
LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 1070
How to Fight Nervous Troubles
James Oppenheim
LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 91
Manhood: The Facts of Life Presented to Men
Clement Wood
LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 656
What Every Married Man Should Know
William J. Fielding
LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 689
Life
LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 239
Twenty-six Men and a Girl
Maxim Gorky
LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 654
What Every Man Should Kn
William J. Fielding
LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 537
Life of Barnum, The Man Who Lured the Herd
CHARLES J. FINGER
HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY
GIRARD, KANSAS

*BEST SELLERS*
*A few of the "Little Blue Books"*

Then he wrote the book, *The First Hundred Million*, in which he himself suggests that his success is "a commentary on the psychology of American readers in general"—more so than the business of regular book publishers.

Haldeman-Julius insists that people buy his "Little Blue Books" because they want to read them and for no other reason. A big percentage of the big, cloth-bound books are bought "because it is considered elite to own them, or because they match the parlor decoration scheme, or as gifts for friends or relatives, especially at Christmas." On the other hand, he says, "I can reasonably state that more than 99% of the 'Little Blue Books' sold direct to the purchaser are sold to him because he wants to read them." Hence his sales "are a weathercock which shows which way the breezes of public taste are blowing." Somewhere he refers to his business as "the democracy of books," and the orders that he receives by the hundreds of thousands are "votes" indicating the degrees of interest that the people have in a great variety of reading matter represented in the series. In "voting," the buyer of the "Little Blue Books," says Haldeman-Julius, is uninfluenced by anything except his wish to read; "he has not bothered about selecting books for appearance's sake, but has picked them out to satisfy his own curiosity and his own peculiar craving."

At first Haldeman-Julius published and sold, for the most part, titles that he himself considered good, irrespective of how well they sold. They were largely classics; he published very few original manuscripts. In 1925, however, he became wholly business-like and began to eliminate from his lists all titles that failed to receive at least 10,000 "votes" a

*(Please Turn to Page 314)*

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# ▶▶ Georgia Drinks with Decorum ◀◀

By WILLIE SNOW ETHRIDGE

MACON, which we delicately refer to, in our mellower moments, as "the heart of Georgia," is no roistering hoyden. She drinks, of course, as who does not?, but she never forgets the decorum of the Deep South that dictates that even a lady in her cups must be a lady. She has no brass-railed speakeasies where cotton mill operatives elbow bankers nor raucous roadhouses where the hoi polloi down their corn with the first families of Georgia. Hers is that quiet drinking among friends where the constitution, not to mention its amendments, doesn't matter much. It has become domestic.

Macon could hardly do her part by the prohibition law in these parlous times of law shattering, otherwise. She is too much of a small town to be brazenly wicked. Though we affectionately regard her as a city, in spite of unimaginative gentlemen who deal in census figures, she has all the airs of a village—that neighborliness and inquisitiveness that endear and provoke. The individual is not lost in the mass; one indiscreet act is the spark of a million conversations.

Let one of her 66,000 persons waddle down broad Cherry Street from sitting up with a sick friend and the town is likely to know it by morning. A few bold souls are indifferent to such notoriety, but their small number drove the saloons into the back alleys even before the state bone dry law went into effect. In these dear days such conduct would be a public scandal. A good many of our citizens are still hauled home, but out of somebody else's home and not out of a "pub."

OUR TOWN is dry in sentiment. Let there be no mistake about that. Even if the "upper crust"—about 300—drink when two or three are gathered for social purposes and their flappers and he-offspring "tote" their flasks; even though the poor whites and Negroes take a "shorty," their name for a half pint, as often as they can rake up the price, the town is dry. It is predominantly Baptist and Methodist—fundamental Baptist and Methodist. It shuns cards, dancing and worldly amusements. Wesleyan College, a Methodist institution, said to be the oldest chartered college for women in the world, bounds the north end of the town, and Mercer University for Baptist males, the west end. Churches of these two faiths corner the blocks, with the edifices of the Presbyterians, Christians, Lutherans, Episcopalians, Catholics and Jews shouldered in between.

Many of these church members preside over pantries stocked with blackberry and scuppernong wine of their own making; many more take an eggnog at Christmas and whip up a glass on a cold day for a shivering friend; and still many more serve syllabub, frothy with whip cream and heady with wine, on all gala occasions; but they do not imbibe whiskey. That is, they do not imbibe unless they are under the weather and feel the need of a strong toddy. Then, of course, it is medicine. They regard themselves as stable, law-abiding citizens and are the first to be horrified when a weaker brother takes his straight. Their condemnation, augmented by the wrath of the bone drys, is a breaker to duck if one can.

The easiest way to duck it is to wobble in the evenings with congenial spirits and to walk upright in the mornings with the members of the W. C. T. U. This our citizenry does. Liquor is served in cocktails before the majority of dinner parties of the well-to-do and those not so well-to-do, sometimes being passed in the drawing room in a very proper manner by white-coated butlers, but more often being served from a table in the sun parlor weighted down with corn, white rock, ginger ale and cubes of ice. Informal gatherings, bridge sessions and after-the-moving-picture-show-parties are enlivened by bootleg liquor.

At many of the private dances of our one Country Club the punch has a kick like a Model "T" Ford cranked in gear, and afternoon golf games on the Club course are reviewed in the locker room under the stimulating glow of corn. The downtown clubs also have as a usual thing a very satisfactory supply of hooch. One can never tell when a member might need a little cheering up during his business day. On one occasion, in the midst of a long trial in the Southern District of the United States Federal Court, which has its headquarters in Macon, a juror grew seedy. When the marshal took him and his fellow jurors out for their daily constitutional around the block, our sick friend requested that they stroll by his club so that he could get a good snort. The marshal agreed; the liquor was drunk and the juror waxed well again.

In one private club the center of attraction is an old fashioned bar, built in the attic. Here the guests gather before supper. The hosts turn into jolly bartenders, sliding tall, iced-tea glasses of corn and ginger ale over the bar as fast as they can mix them. Platters of cream cheese, seasoned with onion juice; sweet pickles; olives; thin white and lavender slices of onion, and saltine crackers are washed down with the drinks. The supper grows cold and clammy while the hostesses plead with the guests to totter down.

This past Easter the young married contingent of our dry town "threw" an Easter egg hunt that was the outstanding social event of the post-Lenten season. Small bottles of corn were hidden in the tall grasses and shrubs of the country estate of a popular young couple and their friends were turned loose to find them. There was only one rule: the hunters, both male and female, must quaff their liquor as they found it. The search was intense, the company dashing about trees like bloodhounds on the trail of an escaped convict. When the last egg had been uncorked, the victor was presented with a can of tomatoes to assist him on his feet the next morning.

When conventions meet here—and we are a city of conventions, as the Chamber of Commerce will readily tell you, "being in the very center of the state, gentlemen, and equally accessible to people from every section"—a room is set aside in the hotel, chosen as headquarters, for the outpouring of corn. Room 313, or whatever number the room might bear, is the theme of every welcome and farewell address. A reference to it is a sure laugh-getter at the luncheons and banquets where the city fathers, court officials and delegates are assembled.

No gathering of visitors or prominent citizens has ever been raided, except once in a spirit of clean fun and wholesome jollity. Last Valentine's Eve when the Lions Club was staging its annual ladies' night frolic, an imaginative entertainment committee conceived of having the party raided as the Big Bertha of the night. The city police

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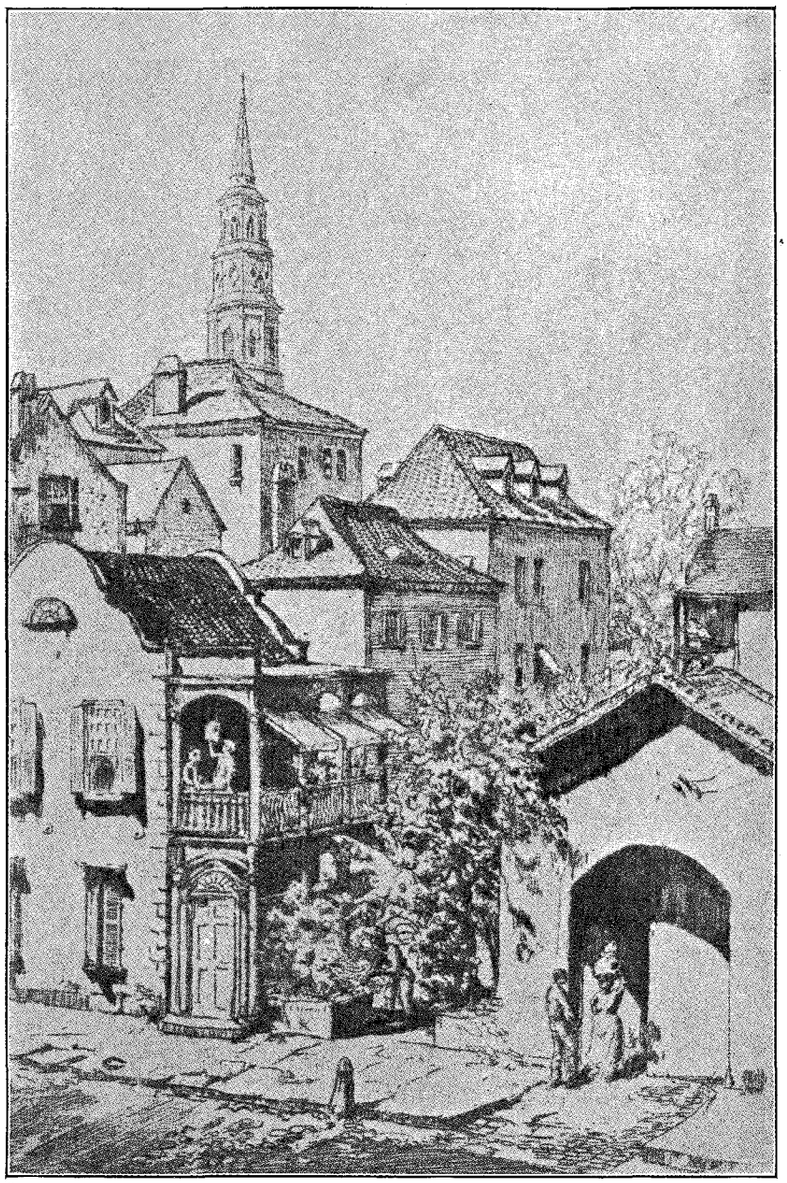
happily consented to the plan, viewing it, no doubt, as an unique experience in their regular routine. Around eleven o'clock when the party was in full swing, a half dozen khaki-clad motorcycle cops bustled into the dining hall, searched the president of the club, the solicitor general of the superior court and the postmaster and hustled them out as if under arrest. At first a handful of credulous women feared it was a bona fide raid; but the men were not fooled. They knew such things did not happen in Macon in real life. In a few moments, with sheepish grins on their flushed faces, the arrested ones returned to their dinner partners.

SOME PEOPLE, though, are arrested in Macon for drinking, but they are always people you do not know. Of the 1,228 who were arrested by the police last year as "plain drunks," I knew only one of them, a sot of a prominent family. He walked into the coils of the law when he stopped his car and insisted on a policeman sharing his flask.

"I don't want to arrest you," the officer declared with a troubled and nervous frown, "but I don't see any other way out of it."

We get our whiskey as simply as we drink it. We are a home loving people (recently we organized the Home Owned Merchants' Association to fight chain stores). Naturally we are partial to home-made stimulants. Corn, peach brandy and wine quench our thirst almost exclusively. We are two hundred miles from the sea coast whence labeled brands emanate, and we have few men rich enough to buy anything other than that which wets the bourgeois throat. The corn and peach brandy are distilled from our native grains and fruit; and the wine, excepting the blackberry and scuppernong, from a California flavor brick, a new commodity in these parts which has won tremendous popularity, despite its foreign taint and its treason to Georgia's peach brandy.

The flavor brick will produce, according to the claims on one side of the package: port, sherry, malaga, tokay (sweet types); Burgundy, muscatel, Rhine, claret (dry types). The brick is of grape sugar, grape and raisin extract, natural fruit acids, pectins, colored matter and mineral salts.



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

*OUR CITY HAS ALL THE AIRS OF A VILLAGE*
*Etching by Katherine Merrill*

On the opposite side is this enlightening message: "Manufacturers, Clergymen and Rabbis who have government permits to manufacture and dispense sacramental port or sherry wines may use these bricks for their legitimate purpose." The Volstead act, in part, is then quoted, but I will not go into that, for the salesmen of the flavor brick insist there is no need of reading it.

The third side of the box instructs you to dissolve the brick into either three-fourth gallons of plain water or five gallons of any kind of cider, fruit juice or berry juice and to add sugar according to taste. The beverage should be consumed within five days, the instructions point out, "otherwise it might ferment or become alcoholic." Then this thoughtful advice is added: "To prevent fermentation keep beverage in refrigerator. For the same reason avoid the use of any kind of yeast."

What clearer directions could a housewife ask? Even children are able to understand them. Several of my youthful acquaintances now have jugs of port and sherry, which unfortunately they were not able to consume within the five day limit, nor to keep on ice or away from the fermenting yeast.

Corn, though, is the real staff of our wet citizenry. It is manufactured by the hundreds of gallons in the swamps of the Ocmulgee, which courses down the back bone of our town, and on the banks of small streams that ease into its muddy depths. The moonshiners are white farmers who have despaired of making a living on the rutty red hills of Bibb, Crawford and Jones counties. They are good, ignorant, Anglo-Saxons with yards full of freckled-faced children.

With $150, the cost of an average moonshine outfit, which they manage in some way to scrape together, they buy a still. They find a likely site on a wooded piece of swamp land, which the

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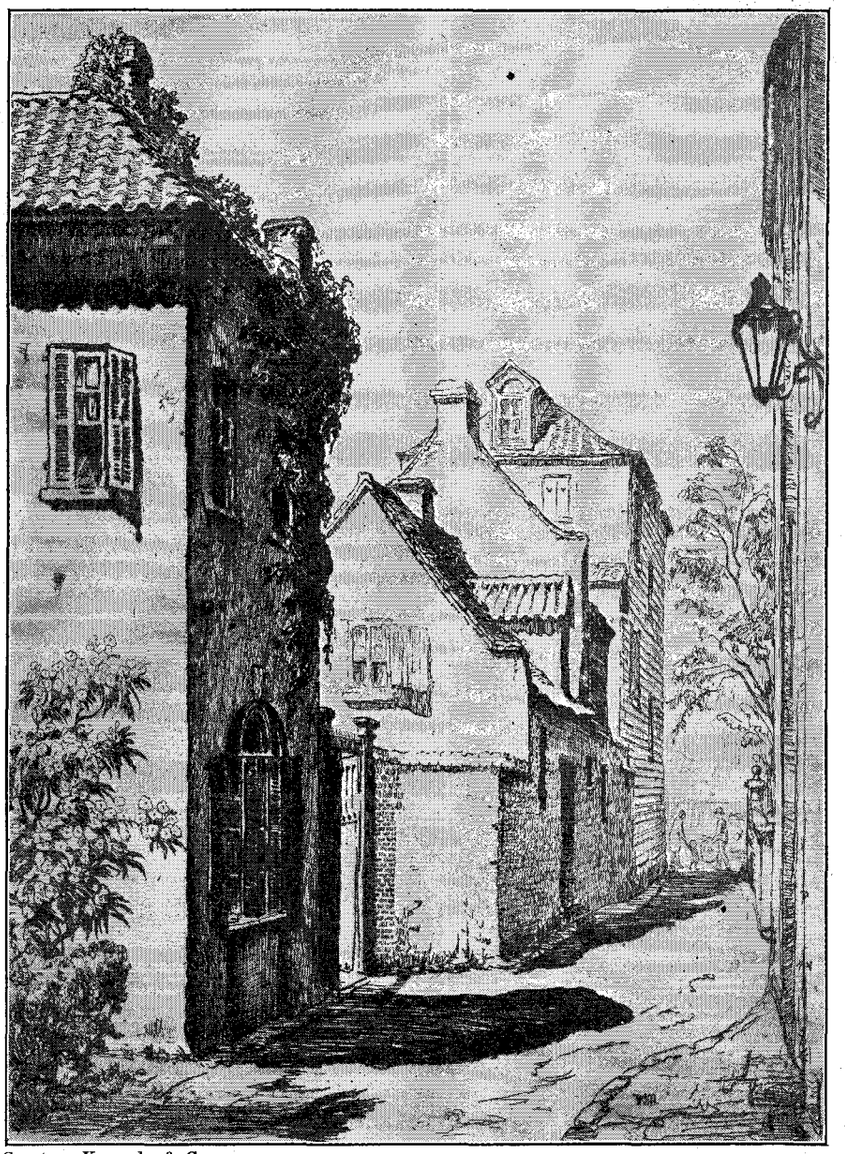
federal officers will have a hard time reaching, even if they spy the blue smoke drifting above the tree tops, and start mixing mash. Sugar now forms the body of the mash, and properly speaking, the liquor that results is not corn at all, but rum. The old time moonshiner used corn as the basis and turned out pure grain alcohol; but the present day shiner puts in just enough corn to give the proper flavor.

The majority of moonshiners operate on a small scale with only their sons and neighbors to help them. Members of this large group are frequently surprised at their stills, in spite of their care in selecting a secluded site, by prohibition officers and hauled into court. A few weeks ago, seventy-five were rounded up in one raid; and every week, five, six, seven or more are lassoed by the rope of the law. The machinery of our federal district is so clogged with liquor cases, it turns as slowly as a ferris wheel.

While the little fellows are being caught, the big moonshiners continue in their prosperous ways. They operate 500 gallon stills within a few miles of town, but they are rarely apprehended. They hire Negroes whom they can trust to stay at the still site; but they themselves are very careful never to go in smelling distance of the corn, for they do not know when the revenuers might swoop down upon them. The Negroes, of course, go to jail, but prison bars hold no horror for most Negroes. Besides, they receive $8 a week the entire time they are serving their sentences, and have the assurance of another job at a new still when they get out.

Five darkies recently pleaded guilty to owning and operating a large still near here, but the prohibition agents were confident that they were hired by a certain white man, though they had no evidence to prove it. The Negroes were sent to jail and as they filed through the hall of the federal building, the suspected white man slipped each of them a roll of bills.

These big moonshiners do not only steer clear of the stills, but they keep no whiskey in their homes or in their hip pockets. They are the salesmen of their wares. They solicit business just like hosiery drummers or insurance agents. They call at the offices of the men rich enough to buy at least five gallons of corn at a time, not caring to be bothered by smaller orders. They employ the same high-pressure methods as other salesmen. Frequently they suggest that they fear a raid and are willing to sell the stock they have on hand at a very good price. (It usually ranges from six dollars and seven dollars a gallon delivered to four dollars and three dollars cash and carry.) The prospective customer weakens and though he already has several charred kegs in his cellar, he orders five gallons to be delivered the next day.



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

*THE OLD SOUTH*
*An etching by Katherine Merrill*

The bootlegger takes his departure and the business man does not see him again for several weeks; but he leaves his post office box number in case his customer should desire an extra supply for some special occasion. "Bring me one" is all that the client need say on the postal.

The solicitor does not even do the delivering. One of his hired men drives up to the customer's front door and leaves the order as nonchalantly as if he were delivering five gallons of milk. None of these "delivery boys" has ever been arrested in the act of depositing a keg in a plate glass door-way, though some of them have arrived at most inopportune moments. One evening while one of our jurists, an honest and earnest judge, was dining with friends, the door bell rang. The host excused himself. When he returned to the table the wife cooed: "Who was it, dear?"

"Well, if you must know," replied the host, "it was my bootlegger with my corn."

For several years two moonshiners had this lucrative field of the rich practically sewed up—Joe Blake and Frank

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# Ex-Patriot

*By* STOYAN CHRISTOWE

OUR ROW of bunk-cars, unfit for freight traffic through the continent and consigned to their final stage of usefulness as mobile homes for us track hands, had just been pulled from the spur in the plain and switched into a siding, ready to be picked by a locomotive and moved to Haver, a point on the Great Northern trunk line connecting St. Paul with Tacoma.

About a hundred Balkanians we were, and a reliable outfit at that, unlike the hobo gangs which were made up of migrant workers and whose numbers fluctuated day by day. Our movable homes were furnished with stoves, bunks, water-pails, petrol lamps, and other necessities for which we did not pay a penny. Kerosene, coal, wood, blankets and other supplies were given to us free by the company. The wages of our baker, cooks and flunkeys were paid by the company; and we purchased flour, meat and groceries wholesale so that we boarded ourselves co-operatively and inexpensively, instead of doing as the hobos, who were boarded on cheap food by the company and charged a high price for it. We were a frugal lot, and we took pride in our work.

No matter at what point on the line we happened to be, every two weeks the pay-car found us and gave us the checks which summed up two weeks of track labor, rides on the work-train, walks from the bunks and back to and from points on the line where work began and ended. All this beneficence, which we felt we deserved, came from St. Paul, the eastern terminal and capital of the immense empire which wove its network of steel across Minnesota, the Dakotas, through the plains and gorges of Montana, beyond the Cascades, and drank from the waters of the Pacific at Tacoma. Each time the Fast Mail, or the Oriental Limited swept like whirlwinds in front of us, lifting the plain as they flew on with monstrous speed, we felt proud that it was upon rails laid with infinite care and touched with our fingers, the wheels rolled. Even as we girded the plain and the mountains with the zone of steel, we felt the grip of America tightening around us and drawing us closer to her.

THE FREIGHT engine attached itself to our itinerant camp and drew it from the siding onto the branch line. Most of us climbed on the tar-papered roofs of the cars and from there, baking ourselves in the sun, surveyed the expanse of rolling plain on either side as the elongated community rattled over stretches of line straight as a rifle's barrel and twisted and coiled like a snake along treacherous curves.

Kobur, a square-jawed man with a compact and solid body, and I were perched like crows on the spine of the roof of our bunk-car. The wheels far down beneath us clattered on the rail joints and the old box-cars shook and vibrated and squeaked as if ready to fall apart. The engine ahead puffed and groaned, blowing showers of burning cinders over our heads. The cars shook more violently. But we had all been impregnated with a cement-like trust in the stability of the imperial steel system, and the greater system of which it was a part, and questioned the worth or reliability of nothing that bore its insignia. The Americans tested the structure and proper function of everything before they permitted the use of it, and it was not for us, mere peasants, acquainted as we were only with the mechanics of wooden plows drawn by oxen and the complexity of two-wheeled manure carts propelled by the same motive power, to doubt the judgment of people who had built a dazzling mechanical civilization whose benefits we were fortunate enough to share.

Kobur particularly, in his groping yet unerring fashion, had felt this no less strongly than the rest of us. Always practical in his zeal to show the immeasurable goodness of America and the incomparable superiority of its civilization, such as he had comprehended it, his comment now, as we rode on in the bliss of the sun and watched the fresh surroundings, was to remind us, lest we forget it, that even as we lay stretched in the sun and sensed the warmth of the sun in our bones, we got paid by the hour same as if we had been driving spikes or twisting bolts on the track. In what country, pray, were such things to be found!

None of us, in fact, had so completely been captured by America as Kobur. His trust in it and in its infallible righteousness was without reservations. In his wanderings through the Democratic West, living in logging and railroad camps, he had heard of such American platitudes as freedom, equality, justice. These abstractions clung to him and he believed in them with Jesuitical fanaticism. He did not stop there. He preached them among the immigrants with such effect as his limitations permitted. Nor was he timid or hesitant in mobilizing the formidable strength of his body whenever it became necessary to bring these sacred American principles to the attention of some native American who had forgotten them, and had taken it upon himself to treat the immigrants as so many cattle. It was this gallantry of Kobur's that brought him his first disillusionment of America.

Kobur always took the hardest jobs on the track, glorying in feats of lifting heavy beams of steel and never complaining of overwork. Judging from the way he worked and the sheer physical strength he possessed, one would have thought him Spartan-like in his life. Yet Kobur observed many refinements in our roughing bunk life. While most of us slept on sack-cloth packed with coarse grass plucked from the Montana plains, or with straw stolen from the farms, Kobur himself had bought a thick mattress, pillows stuffed with feathers, and soft silky comfortables that would have been better suited to a bridal chamber than to a track-laborer's habitation. There was a cleanliness and tidiness about his person, an attachment to household duties, which made us, accustomed as we were to avoiding household duties, whisper banterings about him; but not within his hearing, for we all knew his boorishness and hot temper. To Kobur, America meant clean clothing, clean bedding, abundance of food, good times and "lotso work," in addition to the other beliefs to which he adhered with a monkish faith.

Yet what impressed me most about him were not these consciously acquired American habits, but the two pairs of pajamas which he owned, changing them every Saturday. Of the finest soft silk, patterned with enormous flowers of garish colors, these pajamas were the most fantastic garments I had ever seen, and I was born in Turkey, where color in clothing speckled the towns and villages with glamour. One can more fully appreciate this when one knows that none other among us had ever experienced the pleasurable sensation of

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soft silk touching the naked body. We slept in our rough union suits, some did not even remove their socks, or outer garments.

If Kobur were only literate! His inability to read or write and to weigh things on the scale caused him the sole unhappiness and filled his being with unbounded admiration for education. People with learning were cloaked with a dignity which evoked his true worship. No matter how hard he tried to become literate, he always failed. At last he resigned himself to his fate, but strove to make up for this woeful deficiency in his life by surrounding himself with such refinements and conveniences as no cultured and educated person would do without—if he could. He tried to live like an American. Who were better educated and more civilized than the Americans? In what other country were cleanliness and wholesome devotion to labor and pleasure greater virtues?

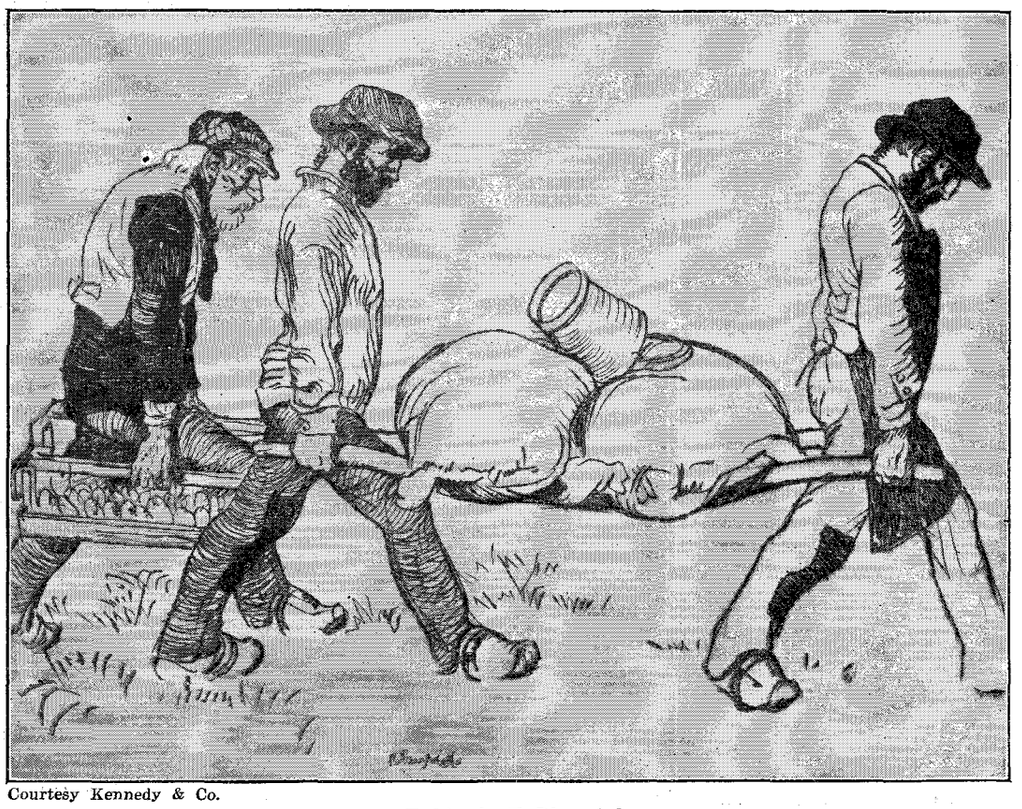
If any one, therefore, wanted to insult Kobur really badly one should have questioned the completeness of his Americanism. America had captivated him so that he considered it degrading even to use his own native tongue. He listened to it when thus addressed, but he always replied in English, and a tortured, butchered English it was, since Kobur would pronounce no word except by contorting his mouth, puckering his lips, and growling the sounds from his diaphragm, whining and grunting the syllables through his throat and nose. This was the way the Americans spoke —no argument, unless from an educated person, could make him believe otherwise.

BUT NOW Kobur was in for an experience which shook his Americanism to the very roots. I do not know whether he has recovered from the shock, for I have not seen him these fifteen years, but I do hope the disillusionment which he suffered was but a temporary one and that his being is once more attuned to the magnificent American symphony which had then made of him such a happy man. The last picture of him I remember, however, is a melancholy one. With two bundles into which he had rolled his comfortables, mattress, pajamas and other well-chosen and well-kept belongings, he was waiting on the station platform of a Montana town for an express from St. Paul to Seattle. A disappointed and disgruntled man he was as he stood there. He did not say good-bye to any of us, his comrades at labor for many months. Even with me, whom he considered a highly educated person that should have earned my living with a pen in my hand instead of a crowbar, he refused to shake hands, turning his head away like a child whose feelings have been wounded when I proffered my hand to wish him Godspeed. In fact, I believe Kobur would not have quit the extra-gang, and his implicit faith in the infallibility of American righteousness might have been spared its denuding disappointment, had I but written the letter which he urged me to write. This, he believed, would have brought just punishment to the person who gave that severe blow to his Americanism.

IT ALL happened thus: that pleasant day as we sat on the box-car roofs, we arrived in the afternoon at Shelby, where the branch line from Great Falls joins the main line. We were sidetracked in the yards to wait for a crew from Cut Bank, the nearest division-point to the west, to pick up the camp and haul it east to Haver, our destination. After supper we came out on the stretch of grassy plot at the edge of the yards, where our bunks were temporarily parked, and like a military company at rest, some of us played leap-frog, others, the more elderly, drew diagrams on the tie-stubs and with pebble-like stones picked from the embankment played mill, a game hardly known in America, but popular in the Balkans.

Kobur took advantage of this stop-over and balanced an eliptical tub on two stones between which he had already built a fire. He took out the wooden wash-trough and by ladling water from the steaming tub, using an empty tomato can as a dipper, proceeded to the business of laundering his last week's pajamas and other articles, which, when hung to dry on the rope against the bunk-car, gave the camp the appearance of luxury, or rather, made the camp appear as if it housed a courtesan.

When night fell, we scrambled one by one up the ladders and stretched ourselves on the bunks inside. Our world, or I should say our village, was built on wheels, but the vastness of the prairie and the awing majesty of the mountains gave us the feeling of basic



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

*Etching by E. Blampied*

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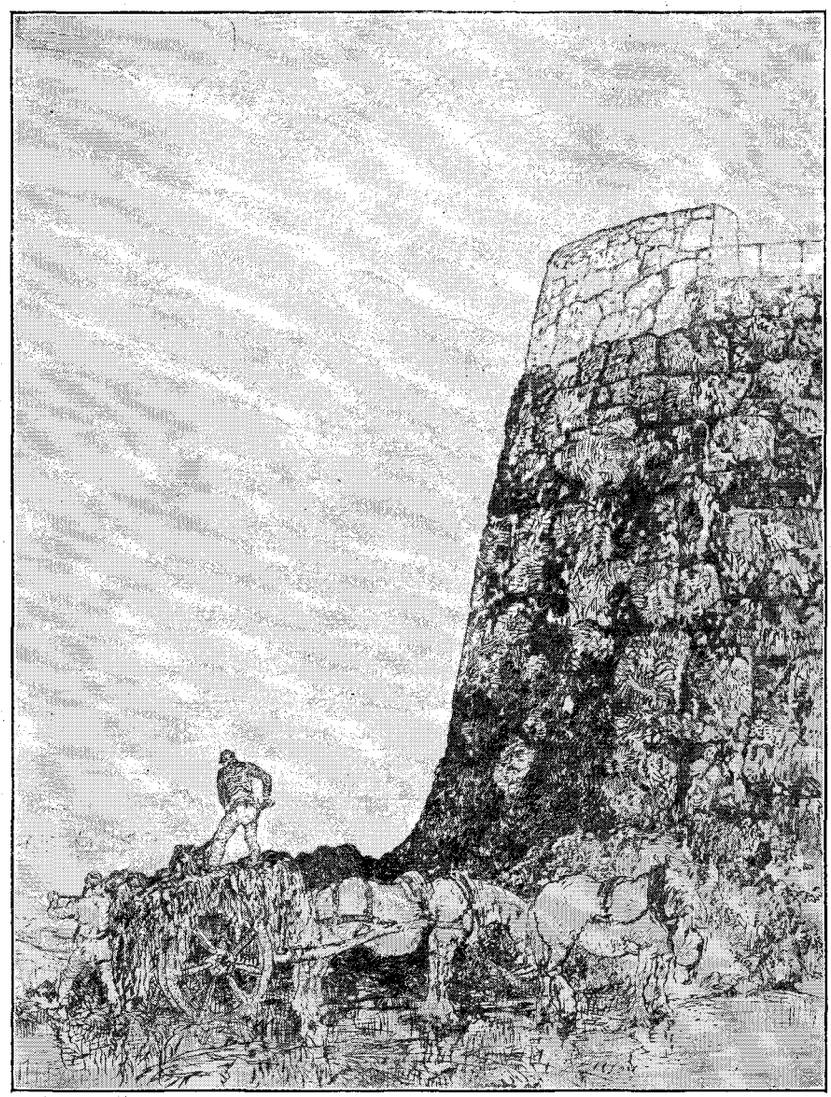
stolidity. Night after night we went to sleep with no more fear of our safety than if the old quivering box-cars, reared as they were on axles and wheels, had each been a solid structure planted immovably in rock foundations. And this night, knowing that while asleep in our own homes, such as they were, we would be transported to another spot in the boundless expanse of peak and plateau, we crawled to our beds with as much unconcern as on any previous night. It must have been midnight, or past, for we were sound asleep, when a sudden tremor passed through our oblong community with such terrific impact that the old ramshackle box-cars squealed and shrieked and shook so violently that water-pails leaped from shelves, lamp-chimneys, held by wire loops to the walls, shattered to bits, stoves and pipes crashed to the floors, bunks tumbled, and men's skulls knocked against walls. Being asleep we felt the intensity of the trembler a hundred times stronger than it actually was. Had the box-cars been of steel or of more recent construction they would have resisted the impact with some resiliency, but being mere wooden shacks balanced on axles, they all but flew from their places and shattered to splinters. Some of us had the feeling (as we ascertained later when exchanging comments on our impressions of the distressing experience) that the mountains had descended upon us in cataclysmic avalanches; others, that the earth had split and we had sunk irretrievably to some bottomless abyss. It all lasted a moment, but it seemed like the end of the universe.

We opened doors and windows ready to behold a wrecked universe. Outside the mountains rose in their undisturbed serenity beneath a passionless moon. The few scattered frame houses of the little town in the distance sat perched on the shelves of the hills in uninterrupted slumber. The tracks were as firmly bedded to the ground; and our bunks, now still but nevertheless giving occasional sighs and creaks in their effort to recompose themselves, were on the very same spot. The face of the earth was entirely as we had left it in the evening.



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

*Etching by E. Blampied*

Man was the cause of our appalling nightmare. The locomotive that was to drag us to Haver in the night had come from Cut Bank and in making contact with our camp had bumped against it with no more caution than if it were a train-load of lumber. So far as the engineer was concerned, we were no better than lumber; indeed, what were we but a train-load of "damn ignorant foreigners" to handle with less care than a stock train? The spirit, therefore, in which the engineer approached the habitations in which slept nearly a hundred human beings was utterly out of keeping with Kobur's tenets of American justice and equality. And while the majority of us accepted the demonic earth tremor with humility and patience, as helpless mortals accept the wrath of powers that are beyond their control, Kobur himself, in slippers and gaudy pajamas, and with an ax in his hands, jumped out on the tracks and yelled for red-blooded men to join him in an assault on the engineer.

None answered his call. He filled the chaste night air with curses from the American language, of which he knew an abundance. In the excitement he forgot his resolution not to speak his own tongue and reinforced his American profanities against the engineer with such from the Bulgarian, the Turkish and Greek tongues as came to his mind at the moment. Then, finding himself still unaided, he brandished the ax and alone made for the engineer.

The latter had the advantage of Kobur. He pulled at the throttle and drove forth with great speed, the cars leaping over the frogs and switch-points onto the main track and rattling and vibrating after the locomotive as it blew forth and spat fire like a dragon in the night.

We crawled back to our bunks, the clatter of the wheels as they knocked at the rail joints pounding in our brains. Kobur, of course, was not in his bed. Having no time to run to our car in the unexpected start, he had, I reasoned, climbed into another one and would transfer to ours as soon as we made a halt; or else he would walk over the roofs and then creep down the lad-

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# King Carol of Rumania

*By* HIRAM MOTHERWELL

KING CAROL II! Two hundred thousand citizens of Bucharest cheered him on his way to receive the acknowledgment of Parliament that he was the rightful king of Rumania.

Four years ago this national hero was living as a private citizen in Paris. He was, according to the official and semi-official records of the Rumanian government, a wastrel who had abandoned two wives, deserted his country in time of war, participated in fraudulent business deals, and fled from exposure in the company of a notorious woman—a man, in short, so depraved that his own father had been compelled to repudiate him.

That is a large order in villainy. In personal appearance Carol could not possibly live up to it. He was tall and slender and handsome, and his light blue eyes looked straight at you. Not a heroic face, but certainly not a dissolute one. A delicately modeled mouth, indicating, perhaps, a sensitive personality. A somewhat pointed chin indicating, some persons said, weakness. But there was nothing weak in his manner. Instead, a dignified reticence which was not in the least regal but genuinely aristocratic.

THE STORY of Prince Carol, his first romance, the political intrigues against him, his conflict with his famous mother, his flight from home under a cloud, his repudiation by his family, his years of exile, and his final return to royal honor and status, completely vindicated—this is a story which would tax the invention of a Dumas. The characters in the drama are those of the romantic school of fiction in its most exuberant mood—the most photographed queen in Europe; the statesman who saved his country from annihilation; the honest woman of the people who married a prince for love; the junk dealer's daughter who consoled him in banishment; the princess of Hellas weeping alone in her castle with her son, the baby king; the rich landowner, favorite of the palace boudoir; and finally the prince charming himself, guided into his blunders and into his ultimate triumph by the principle of loyalty—loyalty to the woman he loved and to the country which he served. You will not find better *dramatis personae* in any play or novel. Yet they are all alive (with one exception), and the drama has actually taken place. The pageant which will round off the fifth act will be solemnized in October, when Carol II will be crowned at Alba Julia, ancient capital of the Rumanian nation.

Most real-life dramas become blurred in their outline when the facts are coolly examined. In this case, the inside facts only heighten the romantic effectiveness of the play. Carol, during the World War, served with honor in the army. He was adored by his regiment and by the youth of the country, whose boy scout organization he fathered. Then the German armies swept over Rumania. The prospects of the country looked hopeless. The dynasty, which had apparently brought it to disaster, seemed doomed. Carol was sent on an official mission to Odessa. While there he married Zizi Lambrino, daughter of a Rumanian army officer, a gracious woman of irreproachable character whom he had met in Bucharest during the War.

Underwood

*KING CAROL II*

It was not a secret marriage, as his enemies claimed. It was formally solemnized in a church, with witnesses present and all documents duly signed. This was Carol's first "escapade." It consisted in impulsively marrying the woman he loved. If he had not married her, but merely kept her on the left hand, all would doubtless have been forgiven. So different is the code which governs the morals of princes from that which governs the morals of you and me!

Then, miraculously, the Central Powers were defeated. Rumania was saved—and more than doubled in territory. A new era of glory appeared before the eyes of Jonel Bratianu, the premier who had led the pro-French party during the War. Carol, husband of a commoner, would be the future king of Rumania.

No difficulty about the marriage, however—that is, from the government's point of view. It could be annulled any day (as it subsequently was) by the courts. The difficulty was in Carol. Carol didn't happen to want to abandon the wife whom he had married in all good faith. He continued to live with her in an apartment in Bucharest, and with the son who presently arrived. This was a bad omen to the Bratianu government. And for a reason peculiar to Rumania.

IN RUMANIA the government is not elected by the parliament, but the parliament is elected by the government. When a dissolution of parliament is imminent, a new government representing one of the two dominant parties is put in power. Under its auspices the new parliamentary elections are held. They invariably result in the confirmation, by an overwhelming majority, of the government which called them. Let us not say that the government, through its control of the local police, fixes the elections. Let us merely say that the Rumanian people are in the habit of confirming the government which the King nominates.

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In any case, the party in power needs a king in office who can be counted on to accept its advice. For a generation the Liberals, under Jonel Bratianu, had controlled the palace. By a kind of gentleman's agreement they permitted their rivals, the Conservatives, to occupy office for a portion of the time, enjoying the fruits of power and the sugar thereof. But how much power, and how much sugar, depended on the will of Bratianu, who dominated the country whether in office or out.

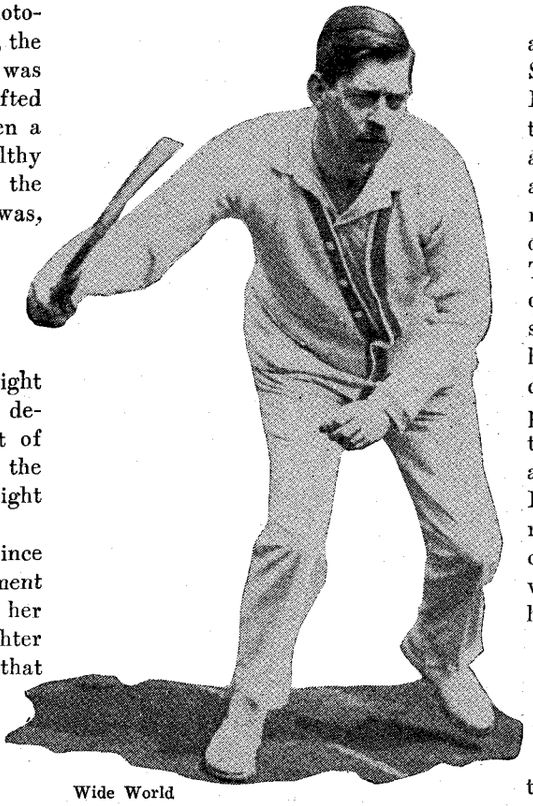
How did Bratianu control King Ferdinand? If you have ever seen photographs of the late king and his wife, the lovely Marie, you will know which was the stronger personality. Marie, gifted lady that she is, has for years been a close friend of Prince Stirbay, wealthy landowner and brother-in-law of the late Jonel Bratianu. There never was, until Carol appeared on the scene, any uncertainty in Rumanian politics. Every move was agreed to in friendly conference.

But King Ferdinand's health was none too good. Any day Carol might ascend the throne. If he was not dependable, from the Bratianu point of view, the Liberal domination of the vastly wealthy new Rumania might vanish overnight.

The government deluged the Prince with appeals to permit the annulment of his marriage. Queen Marie added her passionate petition. The granddaughter of Queen Victoria was outraged that her son should have married a commoner. Perhaps there was some subtle psychological drama of maternal jealousy enacted here—something which Ibsen might have written for the stage. Certainly her opposition to Carol's way of life was more than political.

The issue to Carol was presented as one of duty against inclination. The future King of Rumania married to a commoner, his heir disqualified from inheriting the throne!—the situation was impossible. His patriotic obligation to his fatherland! The least he could do was to think it over—a year's trip abroad. Carol finally agreed to the trip, but added that he firmly intended to rejoin Zizi when he returned. He departed for Japan with a friend, who served as a kind of government chaperon.

Meanwhile Zizi Lambrino was guarded and harassed by government agents. Her mail was intercepted. Letters between wife and husband never arrived. It was represented to her that Carol's silence proved he had tired of her. Corresponding representations must have been made to Carol, although of course there are no records to prove it. At all events, some nine months after he had left Bucharest he "happened," by government arrangement, to meet Princess Helen of Greece in Switzerland. Call it sense of civic duty, or of momentary attachment, or the waywardness of a lonely young man's affections;—Carol consented to the government's suggestions and asked her to become the future Queen of Rumania. Promptly the Lambrino marriage was annulled by the Rumanian supreme court.



Wide World

*Not a heroic face, but certainly not a dissolute one*

THE BRATIANU government now had Carol in harness. It gave him a post in the aviation division of the War Ministry. By all reports, Carol worked hard and conscientiously at the job. But he had no real authority. The Ministry was full of government appointees as ministries are apt to be. Carol protested against some of the contemplated deals, but to no avail. He refused to accept orders against his better judgment. Clearly, this young man was intractable.

It was probably during this period, outwardly the least romantic of his career, that Carol fought hardest and established his moral integrity. It took a brave man to flout the orders of Bratianu's friends. Nothing would have been easier, if he had been a weakling, than for him to become a political rubber stamp in the aviation division, with the secure expectancy of sitting soon upon a purple throne and enjoying life. The very fact that the Bratianus turned against him proved that he was a fellow of independence. It may well be that in the decisions made over an office desk Carol gained his soul.

There was mud in the division of aviation, as later revelations proved. Some of it was bound to stick to the Prince's clothes. There is no doubt that he counter-signed a contract for airplanes which was ill advised, if not actually fraudulent. This was in the regular course of his duties; the experts of the division had approved the terms. The supposition that he, wealthy in his own right, did so in the expectation of splitting the profits is absurd. Nor could he have had any political interest in doing so. If he had had a taste for politics he could have used his position to build up a party of his own, as many a crown prince has done before this. But the very fact that he later surrendered so readily to the politicians confirms the impression, which anybody would get from a glance at him, that he has no stomach for intrigue.

Meanwhile, the palace drama was approaching its Shakespearean third act. Queen Marie and Prince Stirbay were having everything their own way. Carol objected to their intimacy. There may have been, as Bucharest gossip has always asserted, some violent scene like that between Hamlet and Gertrude. Certainly Carol resented his mother's situation and told her so. Marie's continued bitterness against her son must have sprung from reasons deeper than those of state. As usual, King Ferdinand agreed with his queen.

The Bratianu government was now ready to spring its *coup*. It made life burdensome for Carol. In a momentary peeve, perhaps—such a peeve as you and I frequently feel with an unreasonable boss—he threw up his position in the aviation division and went to Venice for a holiday. Hardly had he gone before word was spread about that he was involved in the aviation scandals. Exactly what then passed in Carol's soul cannot be known. Probably a sen-

*(Please Turn to Page 314)*

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# The Trend of Events

## A Craven Committee

THE SENATE lobby committee owes Henry H. Curran an apology. We trust that Mr. Curran will demand it. If he does, every believer in fair play will support him.

No real distinction can be drawn between the political activities of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, of which Mr. Curran is president, and the political activities of Bishop Cannon. If one is pertinent to the question of lobbying, and hence within the committee's scope, so is the other. Yet the committee made Mr. Curran tell of his political activities in detail and then refused to do the same to Bishop Cannon. Because the Bishop is a dry and a Methodist, because he has a strong political following, he was cravenly permitted to insult the committee by walking out of the committee room. The committee then humbly agreed with him that his anti-Smith activities fell outside its jurisdiction.

The committee—so ran its plaint—had no authority to question Bishop Cannon. Yet it had authority enough to call E. C. Jameson of New York, who supplied the Bishop with funds he used against Smith. It had authority enough to go miles outside its jurisdiction and summon Fred I. Kent, New York banker, merely for expressing a personal opinion on the tariff bill. It had authority enough to examine and cross-examine Mr. Curran. The committee's distrust of its authority developed suddenly, when Bishop Cannon pulled its nose.

This is the committee's mature opinion: "Resolved, That it is the sense of this committee that it should not insist on answers to questions propounded to Bishop James Cannon, Jr., and the transcript of the whole record be laid before the Senate." Ordinarily such action by a senatorial committee would mean the end of the case. In this instance we do not believe it should. If the Senate as a whole were not afraid of Bishop Cannon, it would rebuke its lobby committee for a cowardly and contemptible record and establish another committee to put the Bishop on the stand.

Needless to say, the Cannon case has lowered the Senate in public esteem. As for the Bishop's supporters on the lobby committee—Caraway, Borah and Robinson of Indiana—their stature has been cut in half. It may be true that Bishop Cannon, as he intimates, harbors no contempt toward the lobby committee. If so, he must be unique.

## Confidential Documents

THE SENATE-ADMINISTRATION row over confidential documents bearing on the London naval treaty is a tempest in a teapot. It developed when the Senate Foreign Relations Committee asked Secretary of State Stimson for "letters, minutes, memoranda, instructions and dispatches" made use of before and during the conference at London.

Underwood

*AGAINST AGAIN*
*Senator Hiram Johnson of California, foe of London naval treaty*

Mr. Stimson, with the support of Mr. Hoover, politely refused to turn the material over. The merits or demerits of the treaty, he said, must "in the last event be determined from the language of the document itself and not from extraneous matter." Hurt, the committee thereupon solemnly resolved that all facts entering into the negotiation of a treaty are relevant when the Senate is deciding whether the treaty should be ratified or rejected.

It strikes us that the Senate is right and the Administration wrong. Ordinarily it is difficult to understand the full meaning of a treaty without understanding the steps leading up to it. If the Senate does not understand these steps, it cannot be sure whether the treaty should be adopted. Nevertheless, it is obvious that these confidential documents cannot and should not be made public. The sensible thing, it seems to us, is to turn them over to the Senate, or to its Foreign Relations Committee, under its promise not to publish them. Possibly the Administration would have been more inclined to this course had it not realized that some of the Senators who have been demanding the documents are dishonest. They wish to read the documents, they imply, so as to understand the treaty. Actually, they wish to read them so as to delay ratification and gain ammunition for use against the treaty, which they already oppose and would continue to oppose whatever the confidential material might show.

There is, however, one way in which the Administration can keep its confidential material confidential, and to the perfect satisfaction of the critical Senate. That is to pretend that the naval treaty was really negotiated by Bishop Cannon. Then the Senate will stop asking questions at once. Then the Senate won't dare to say another word about it.

## Drug-Store Restaurants

BELIEVING the combination of "strychnine and salads, castor oil and coffee, paregoric and pudding" to be an unhappy one, the director of a chain of New York hotels has asked his state Senator to introduce a bill prohibiting the sale of food in drug stores. It is not, he protests, that drug-store lunches are ruining the hotel business. The amount of trade hotels lose to drug stores is negligible. The point, he says, is that drug-store restaurants bring food and poisons into uncomfortable proximity and that the "eat-and-run" habit is injuring American digestion. Furthermore, he's right.

When ice cream for dinner ceased to be a difficult matter of pounding ice and turning the freezer, when it became a simple matter of telephoning to the drug store, no one protested. No one protested, either, against the possibility of enjoying a double chocolate sundae with pecans and whipped cream while waiting for a prescription to be filled. These were obvious advantages. Moreover, soda fountains enhanced the always-attractive appearance of the drug

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store. They took up little room. They furnished a harmless outlet for the national craving to perch alongside a shining bar and study one's self in the mirror.

Then came the first barbarian who demanded cake with his ice cream. Followed the miscreant who insisted on coffee, chocolate or tea with his cake. On his heels the traitor who wanted salad or a sandwich with his coffee. Crowds arrived. The drug store became a place for breakfast, lunch or tea, where one could order anything from scrambled eggs to cole slaw, from consommé to roast beef to pie. Counters overflowed with food. Tables were set up in every available inch of floor space.

Now, even if good roast beef could be prepared and served in a drug store, it cannot properly be eaten in the shadow of patent medicine bottles and the atmosphere of disinfectant. Who can enjoy his bacon and eggs while wedged in the corner with rows of absorbent cotton, hot water bottles, headache powders and soap? What benefit is there in reading hair tonic labels between bites of sandwich? The whole thing is preposterous. It is a menace to American taste. It should be prohibited, not by law—for then we should have to eat bootleg salmon salad in the druggist's back room—but by public opinion.

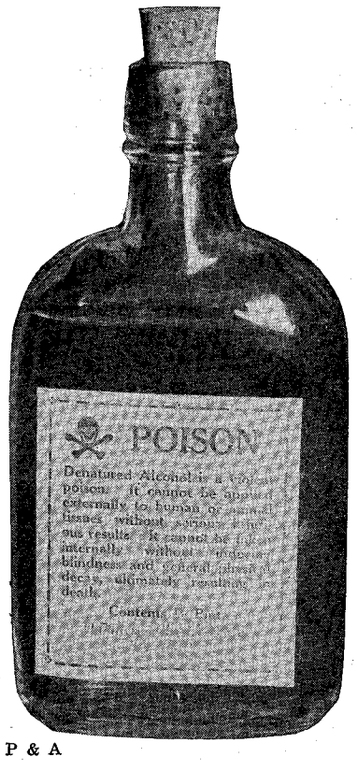
## ▶▶*A Word to Wets*

THE WASHINGTON BRANCH of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform has polled all members of the United States Senate on prohibition. The Senators were asked to state whether they favor the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act or whether they believe that the amendment should be repealed and the problem turned back to the states, with legislation against the return of the saloon. The incomplete results of the poll make interesting reading.

The following Senators were personally interviewed but refused to answer the questions: McCulloch of Ohio, McMaster of South Dakota, Hastings of Delaware, La Follette of Wisconsin, Frazier of North Dakota, Pine of Oklahoma, Shortridge of California, Gillett of Massachusetts, Cutting of New Mexico, Kean of New Jersey, Glass of Virginia, Black of Alabama and Overman of North Carolina.

These men are pussyfooters. Wets should oppose every one of them who comes up for re-election this year or later. When the opposing candidate is also a dry or a pussyfooter, do not vote for Senator.

The following Senators replied that they favor prohibition substantially as it stands: Heflin of Alabama, Jones of Washington, Harris of Georgia, Dale of Vermont, Kendrick of Wyoming, Stephens of Mississippi, Allen of Kansas, Thomas of Oklahoma, Sheppard of Texas, Capper of Kansas, Goff of West Virginia, Howell of Nebraska, Robinson of Indiana, Fletcher of Florida, Robsion of Kentucky, Simmons of North Carolina, McKellar of Tennessee, Connally of Texas, Brock of Tennessee, Borah of Idaho and Goldsborough of Maryland.




P & A

*BOWERY BOOZE*
*Denatured alcohol sold for beverage purposes on New York's lower East Side*

These men are drys. Wets should oppose every one of them who comes up for re-election this year or later. When the opposing candidate is also a dry or a pussyfooter, do not vote for Senator.

The following Senators replied that they favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment: Walsh of Massachusetts, Gould of Maine, Copeland of New York, Phipps of Colorado, Tydings of Maryland, Bingham of Connecticut, Broussard of Louisiana and Wagner of New York.

These men are wets. Unless the opposition candidate is also a wet and a man of superior merit, wets should support every one of them who comes up for re-election this year or later.

If the wets in every State will follow this advice in letter and spirit—if they will vote for wet candidates and vote against dry candidates regardless of party—the prohibition farce will soon be over.

## ▶▶*On the Bowery*

FOR SOME YEARS dry spokesmen have been calling New York City's lower east side a shining example of the beneficent miracles wrought by prohibition. Above their clamor one scarcely heard contrary testimony from such unprejudiced authorities as Mrs. Mary Riis, president of the Jacob A. Riis Neighborhood Settlement. Prohibition, intimated the drys, had transformed the once notorious Bowery into a second Garden of Eden. Assuming that this is true we must also assume that the Garden of Eden specialized in human derelicts stupefied by unspeakable liquor bought in so-called smoke houses and shock joints.

From May 10 to June 10 alcohol poisoning took thirty-one lives in the Borough of Manhattan. On the latter date Prohibition Administrator Campbell sent fifty of his agents, dressed as bums, into the Bowery region, warning them not to drink any of the concoctions sold them. Two of them disobeyed instructions and promptly became sick enough to wish they hadn't. On a single day the agents made twenty raids on and around the Bowery, arresting thirty-six bartenders, bouncers and proprietors. Yet, next day, reporters for the New York *World* had no difficulty in finding thirty other joints in the neighborhood still open and doing business.

Liquor, the dry agents learned, was openly sold on the Bowery not only in ordinary whiskey glasses and bottles, but also in tumblers. And such liquor! In some instances, Mr. Campbell declares, it consisted chiefly of denatured alcohol of the kind used in automobile anti-freeze mixtures. In others, it was pure synthetic wood alcohol. In some places it was colored to resemble whiskey. In others it was simply, and quite frankly, sold in bottles marked "Denatured Alcohol, Poison." The customary price was fifteen cents a tumbler or fifty cents a pint. Trade was brisk. Many of the joints were crowded. The down-and-outers bought, drank and staggered away—when they could. When they could not, they remained where they were. In one place the agents found thirty men lying drugged or

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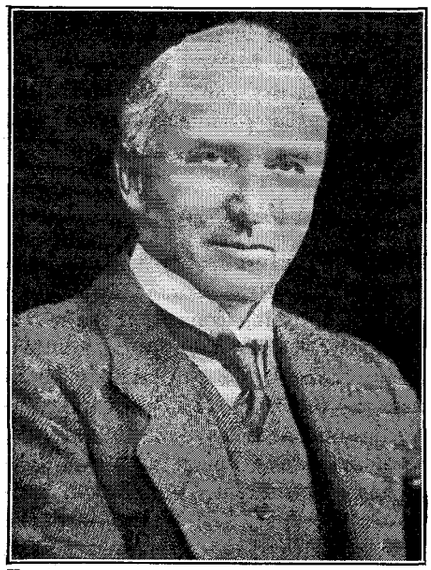

Keystone

*SUBMITS REPORT*
*Sir John Simon, head of the British Commission on India*

drunk on a sawdust-covered floor.

All this on that same lower east side which had supposedly been transformed into a Garden of Eden by prohibition. What more need be said?

## ▶▶*Simon Report—Part 1*

IT WOULD BE FUTILE to draw inferences from the first section of the report by the British parliamentary commission which, headed by Sir John Simon, was appointed two years ago to determine whether self-government in India should be extended or restricted. The second section, with the commission's recommendations, though unavailable at the time of this writing, will be published before the date of this issue. The first section was intended to prepare the public mind for the recommendations to follow. It confines itself to painting a picture of conditions in India today.

A complex and baffling picture it is. Almost two million square miles in area, with a total population of more than 300 millions, India is not one nation but many. One third consists of almost six hundred principalities, some as small as a New England farm, some larger than England itself. Theoretically, none of these is British territory, though all are under the protection of the Crown.

British India proper is divided into nine Governors' Provinces of unequal size. Deeply split along racial, religious and social lines, it speaks a confusion of two hundred tongues. By far the greater number of inhabitants live a rural life, though industry is spreading out. "Any quickening of general political judgment. . . . beyond the traditional and engrossing interest of weather and water and crops and cattle . . . . is bound to come very slowly indeed." Moreover, India stands in frequent need of defense, not only against disorder within, but against aggression from without.

Religious antagonisms between Hindus and Moslems, and the miseries of the Hindu caste system, persist. Yet some social progress has been made in the past decade, particularly with regard to women and marriage. Furthermore, Indians now constitute ninety-five per cent of the civil service personnel.

The commission does not underestimate the Nationalist movement, which "concentrates all the forces which are aroused by the appeal to national dignity and national self-consciousness." Yet kind words of this sort will hardly satisfy the Gandhi followers, impatient for Britain to take definite steps toward granting India dominion status. Britain, the commission recalls, is committed to "the progressive realization of responsible government in British India as an integral part of the British Empire," and obstacles cannot excuse a failure to fulfill the pledge. Indian Nationalists, however, insist that in large part the pledge be fulfilled immediately. If the Simon recommendations disappoint them, their movement is likely to continue.

## ▶▶*Chicago Crime*

"CRIMES IN CHICAGO have received a prominence out of proportion to their number." So said the Chicago *Tribune* in a full-page advertisement in the New York *Times*. Then something embarrassing happened. Alfred J. Lingle, veteran *Tribune* police reporter and authority on the underworld, was shot and killed, apparently by an organized band of thugs, in the heart of the city.

The murder had resounding reverberations. The *Tribune* promptly offered a reward of $25,000 for the arrest and conviction of the killer. Other Chicago newspapers soon swelled this sum with offers of their own. Within a few hours, the offices of the coroner, police commissioner, State's Attorney and Federal District Attorney were promising to further the job of tracking the murderer down. The *Tribune* editorially accepted the underworld's challenge, declaring: "It is war. There will be casualties, but that is to be expected, it being war." The so-called Secret Six, an anti-crime organization of the Chicago Association of Commerce, pledged its co-operation. Squads of detectives, commanded by men who had killed at least five criminals each, were organized to raid gangsters' hang-outs. Gambling halls, bordellos and speakeasies closed up right and left. Within a few days seven hundred criminals had been arrested.

In other words, connoisseurs of melodrama enjoyed a very good show. It is always exciting when several hundred criminals are rounded up and then turned loose again. Unfortunately, it doesn't mean anything. A wild-eyed, breathless anti-crime campaign will in the long run do Chicago little good. More to the point than most of the hullabaloo following the Lingle killing is the fact that seven Chicago newspapers have pledged themselves to fight gang, police and official viciousness wherever it appears. This has the sound of a steady, well-considered drive extending over a period of time, and that is what Chicago badly needs.

As Police Commissioner Russell indicated before submitting his resignation, until the country has repealed the Eighteenth Amendment—that unparalleled source of income and power for the underworld—Chicago may never reduce its crime rate to normal size. Undoubtedly, however, it is possible to improve conditions somewhat. The first step for Chicago to take is frankly to admit its appalling plight. Does the *Tribune* still believe that "crimes in

Underwood

*ALFRED J. LINGLE*
*Reporter on the Chicago "Tribune" murdered by gunmen*

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Chicago have received a prominence out of proportion to their number?" Probably not. We trust that it will never again ape those Chicagoans who, baffled by their crime problem, seek to solve it by belittling it out of existence.

## ▶▶*Hawley-Smoot Bill*

ON FRIDAY, THE THIRTEENTH, the Senate, dividing 44 to 42, brought bad luck to the country by passing the tariff bill. Next day the House, by a vote of 222 to 153, followed suit, and on Monday, the sixteenth, the bill landed on the desk of the President. Without even waiting for the measure to reach him, Mr. Hoover heartily approved it. Which was sour statesmanship but sweet politics.

The Hawley-Smoot bill erects the highest tariff wall in American history. It is the product of log-rolling, selfish sectional interests and economic blindness. This measure changes the rates on 1,122 items, increasing those on 887, decreasing those on 235. Whatever President Hoover may now pretend, it is absurd to hold that this represents the "limited" revision which he originally requested of Congress.

Realizing that the bill is an abomination, many protectionist Senators and Representatives uttered apologies, not eulogies, before casting their votes. Some of them explained their approval of the measure, as Mr. Hoover also did, by glowing references to the flexible provision, empowering the President to change the rates at the recommendation of the Tariff Commission. Their explanation is silly. Any wholesale downward revision by the Tariff Commission is probably out of the question, and nothing else will make this bill a good one.

As the bill approached passage, protests against it mounted surprisingly. They came not only from thirty nations and from hundreds of economists but from solid, conservative business men fond of big dividends. For example, the general sales manager of the General Motors Export Company returned from Europe declaring that adoption of the bill would be a blow from which American business, domestic as well as export, would not recover for many years. The president of the American Bankers' Association pronounced the measure "a disappointment to our basic industries." Good words for the bill came chiefly from such economic antediluvians as Senators Watson and Smoot.

Putting the dirty work of passing the bill on the Republicans, the Democrats in Congress publicly wept, but privately rejoiced, that such a measure should be adopted. As politicians they would have been sorry to lose this issue for the coming congressional elections. As representatives of sectional industries they would have been disappointed had the special favors for which they plugged been taken away from their constituents. Many of the "Nay" votes really should have been "Ayes." For instance, Senator Copeland (Dem.) of New York, who opposed the bill on the final test, previously voted to take eight commodities off the free list, advocated ten increases and opposed thirty-five reductions.

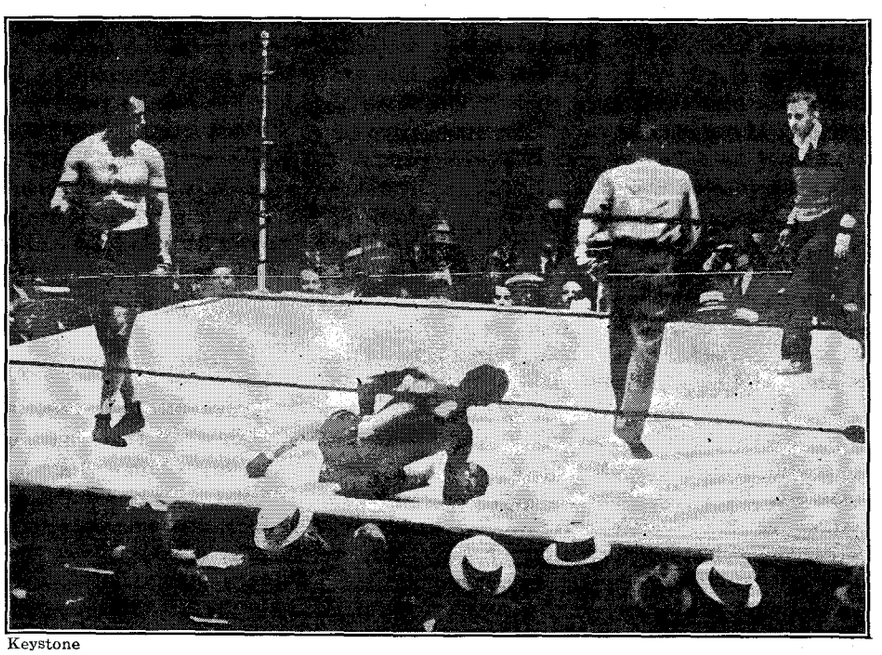
The fact of the matter is, there is now no low tariff party worthy of the title. Yet there never was a time when the country needed such a party more.

## ▶▶*The Boxing Business*

THE FIGHT between Jack Sharkey, né Zucoshay, and Max Siegfried Adolf Otto Schmeling for the heavyweight championship of the world ended in a fiasco. This, of course, was extremely disappointing to the 75,000 cash customers who paid $750,000 to watch Mr. Sharkey give Herr Schmeling a trouncing for nearly four rounds and then end the contest by ripping in a left uppercut well below the belt. That the title should be awarded on a foul was nevertheless appropriate. The foul is a perfect symbol of the prizefight industry today.

Claims of foul have been made in all three of the important heavyweight contests since Christmas. Otto Von Porat fouled Phil Scott in Madison Square Garden, Scott insisted that he had been fouled by Sharkey at Miami, and Schmeling won the championship when Sharkey fouled him at the Yankee Stadium. Many of those fights which do not happen to end in fouls nevertheless have a foul aroma. We have the word of that astute sports writer, Westbrook Pegler, that, at least in New York, there was never before so much fouling, scheming, faking and racketeering in the boxing business as there has been during the past ten years.

As if to make a sorry situation worse, there are the records of the few outstanding heavyweights. Since the New York Boxing Commission was pleased to say so, Sharkey and Schmeling were fighting for the crown and the million or more dollars in its lining. Yet, to judge by the records, neither is a champion worthy of the name. Sharkey has lost fights to Eddie Record, Charlie Weinert, Bud Gorman and Johnny Risko. He has been knocked out by Romero Rojas and Jack Dempsey. Schmeling has been knocked out by such mysterious unknowns as Max Dickman, Larry Gaines and Gypsy Daniels. What sort of boxers are these to fill the shoes of John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett,



Keystone

*AFTER THE FOUL*

*Sharkey going to corner; Schmeling on the floor; Referee Crowley seeking advice; Joe Jacobs entering ring*

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Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries, Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney?

Yet 75,000 persons walked up to

Underwood

*PRODIGY*
*Ruggiero Ricci of California, ten-year-old violinist*

the cashier's window and paid an average of ten dollars apiece to watch Sharkey and Schmeling fight for the title. Apparently most fans would rather see boxing of any kind than see no boxing at all. As long as this is so the boxing business is quite unlikely to improve. It can only be remedied when, as, and if its followers give it absent treatment in good stiff doses.

## ▶▶*One Boy's Meat . . . .*

A FAMILIAR BATTLE has been waged in a New York court over the heads of Ruggiero Ricci, ten-year-old violin prodigy, and his eight-year-old brother, Giorgio, a violinist likewise. Pietro Ricci, the boys' bandmaster father, sued to regain custody of them from their guardian, Miss Elizabeth Lackey, assistant to their music teacher. The father contended that the children have been unwisely exploited; that Ruggiero, for instance, is to play at ten concerts in as many cities in ten weeks, and that his schedule of rehearsals, practice and study is so strenuous as to allow him none of the activities of a normal boy of ten. Specialists in mental diseases testified at the hearing, supporting the father's case.

Surely undue exploitation is something from which all child prodigies should be carefully safeguarded. Whatever the merits of the Ricci affair, there is here no room for argument. The importance of sound health and development cannot be overestimated, especially in the case of children of unusual artistic gifts who often tend toward nervous instability. Yet it is a question whether the normal life of the average boy of ten is suitable for the child who, like Ruggiero Ricci, shows promise of genius.

Certainly we disagree with that neurologist who intimated at the Ricci hearing that at nine or ten years any boy, whether prospective violinist or prospective cloak and suit salesman, should be out in the fields playing marbles or spinning tops. This expert believes that a boy genius should move among groups of other boys, cultivating the herd instinct.

But should he? Provided a child prodigy obtains sufficient exercise and diversion otherwise, why should he be sent out in the fields to play marbles, spin tops, move among groups of other boys, cultivate the herd instinct, and all the rest of it? A gifted child is inevitably set apart from other children. The development of talent is a matter of years of continuous and concentrated effort. But, just as he must work harder than other children, so he is more fortunate. He is preparing to develop into one of those lucky human beings—those who have a definite goal, pronounced ability and an absorbing interest. A boy might well sacrifice a few marble games, might well stunt his herd instinct, for such a glorious prize as this. He may never learn to hit a ball or slap a back, but he will learn one secret of a happy life.

## ▶▶*Good-Will Tour*

THE FROCK-COATED official reception in New York Harbor. The triumphal procession up ticker-tape-festooned Broadway. The cheering throngs—if the arrival is timed for the noon or five o'clock hour, when tall office-buildings are emptying into the streets. The breathless dash across the city to the waiting train for Washington. Another good-will tour is fairly under way.

This time it was Dr. Julio Prestes, President-elect of Brazil, returning the visit which Mr. Hoover, then a President-elect himself, made to Brazil two years ago. Everything went off swiftly and smoothly. President and President-elect exchanged mutual felicitations and assured each other that the firm friendship between Brazil and the United States will grow ever firmer. They spoke frequently of faith, idealism, confidence and other such constructive forces; they mentioned the everlasting glory of the United States and the everlasting glory of Brazil. They joined in regrets for the absence of Madame Prestes and Mrs. Hoover, both prevented by illness from attending the festivities. Meanwhile, bands played, flags flew, banquets were served, sightseeing trips and wreath-layings were mapped out, and Mrs. Dolly Gann sat resolutely at President Hoover's right hand for all the world to see.

A good-will trip, when all is said and done—what is it? It is all the pomp and ceremony noted above. It is a fine opportunity to get out full-dress uniforms, high-sounding declamatory platitudes and the historic gold dinner service and candelabra which Dolly Madison introduced into the White House. It is an opportunity, in this case, for Americans to note in newsreel shots and rotogravure sections that the President-elect

Keystone

*PRESIDENT PRESTES*
*Of Brazil, who has been paying a visit to the United States*

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of Brazil is a remarkably fine-looking man and that his son, a member of the party, resembles him.

Has a good-will tour anything to do with the establishment or the furthering of good-will between two nations? No one can say that it has not. And no one can say that it has.

## ▶▶Home Life Savers

DELEGATES to the recent Music Industries annual convention listened to optimistic words by Walter Damrosch on the future of American home life. The automobile, Dr. Damrosch pointed out, has tended to disrupt American home life. The radio, he predicted, will save it.

Much as we admire Dr. Damrosch, his radio concerts and his high school orchestras, we here incline to disagree with him. If saving American home life means keeping American families voluntarily at home when there is nothing to prevent them from going riding, we doubt that salvation is possible. It is true, as Dr. Damrosch said, that millions of persons listened—or at least had the opportunity to listen—to a series of Saturday night concerts given over the radio during the past winter. But we question that 10,000 of these persons listened carefully. We venture to estimate that not more than 5,000 were persons who had anything else to do at the time. We deny that even 1,000 refused invitations to go riding in order to stay home and listen.

Certainly the radio—like the automobile—is furnishing a new common interest which links families together. Certainly radio programs — especially musical programs—are constantly growing better and bid fair to build up national music-consciousness. But old-fashioned American home-life—that is something else again. Something which pre-supposes roomy and comfortable houses with yards and porches where members of the family may escape from one another. Which includes simple diversions and a taste for tranquillity. Which presupposes, above all, lack of easy opportunity to be out speeding along smooth roads.

It would be restful to think that as the radio improves, families will elect to stay at home and listen instead of setting out for the jammed, sun-baked, hot-dogged highways. But it will not happen. Dr. Damrosch underestimates American ingenuity. When the pleasures of the radio begin seriously to compete with the pleasures of the car, families will not have to decide between them. They will have radios right in their cars.

## ▶▶To Relieve Unemployment

ENDORSEMENTS of the Wagner bills to relieve unemployment piled high at hearings before the House Judiciary Committee. Sponsored by Senator Wagner of New York, the measures passed the Senate several weeks ago. One provides for the collection of unemployment statistics by the Department of Labor; the House Committee on Labor reported it favorably some time ago. Another lays out a public works program to be instituted whenever industry slackens. The third establishes a nation-wide system of government employment agencies.

Hundreds of economists, sociologists, statisticians and personnel administrators have declared that the Wagner bills "lay the foundations for a permanent national program for preventing or relieving widespread unemployment," which is described as "the greatest economic blot on our industrial system." Miss Frances Perkins, of the New York State Industrial Department, believes that they represent the least the country can do if any progress is to be made in keeping employment stable. The bills also found a supporter in President Green of the American Federation of Labor. Moreover, Senator Wagner himself appeared before the House Judiciary Committee to refute criticisms by James A. Emery, of the National Association of Manufacturers, who complains that the proposal to establish Federal employment agencies is unconstitutional.

Of the three measures, this one alone is open to question. The other two require no defense. The need of adequate statistics was indicated when, on the same day, Mr. Green estimated the number of unemployed at about three million, while Miss Perkins said five million. Little can be done about unemployment when no one knows how many are out of work, what industries are affected and which sections are most depressed. As for the basic plan of creating a labor reserve of public works, it has been approved not only by economists but by President Hoover, who sponsored it at a Governors' conference many months ago. Mr. Hoover has been strangely silent during the discussion of this bill in Congress. Possibly the Republican Administration and the Republican Congress would both be warmer for the three unemployment measures had they not originated with Senator Wagner, a Democrat.

### Remarkable Remarks

I shall approve the Tariff Bill. —HERBERT HOOVER.

Prohibition doesn't seem to be working.—MRS. EDWARD B. MCLEAN.

There is, it seems to me, no question as to what should be the attitude of a minister who realizes that he is not simply a priest, but a prophet.—RIGHT REV. JAMES CANNON, JR.

It was an unfortunate thing that I saw fit to comment without having the facts before me.—SENATOR THADDEUS H. CARAWAY.

Successful men learn to keep their thoughts to themselves.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

It was the Passion Play, and that alone, that made me leave Rumania for Oberammergau.—GRAND DUCHESS MARIE.

Let our first devoted thought be always of the King.—BENITO MUSSOLINI.

I know how to sing now; I don't shout as I did when I was young.—MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK.

Poetry is the achievement of the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits. —CARL SANDBURG.

The job of thinking is a real one—probably the hardest work there is to do.—HENRY FORD.

## ▶▶In Brief

CHICAGO HAS GAINED 672,048 inhabitants since the census of 1920, and now has 3,373,753. Or did have, rather, on June 11. Deduct the number of machine-gun victims since June 11 to discover the population of Chicago today. . . . First prize, incidentally, to Walter Winchell, who calls them "Chicago-rillas". . . . Thomas A. Edison declares that he will urge President Hoover to seek election for a second term. Let Mr. Edison urge him hard enough, and we are almost inclined to believe Mr. Hoover will consent. . . . The nomination of Hanford MacNider as American Minister to Canada is "personally offensive" to Senator Brookhart. This in itself, however, is not sufficient reason for confirmation. . . . Having read several dozen of George W. Wickersham's recent addresses and statements, we come to the conclusion that Mr. Wicker-

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sham either does or does not favor modification of the prohibition laws. Mr. Wickersham is firmly consistent. This is just where he has boldly stood on the prohibition question all along . . . Whatever became of that exhaustive investigation of the tariff bill which the Engineering Mind in the White House was going to make before approving or vetoing it? . . . .

# Backstage in Washington

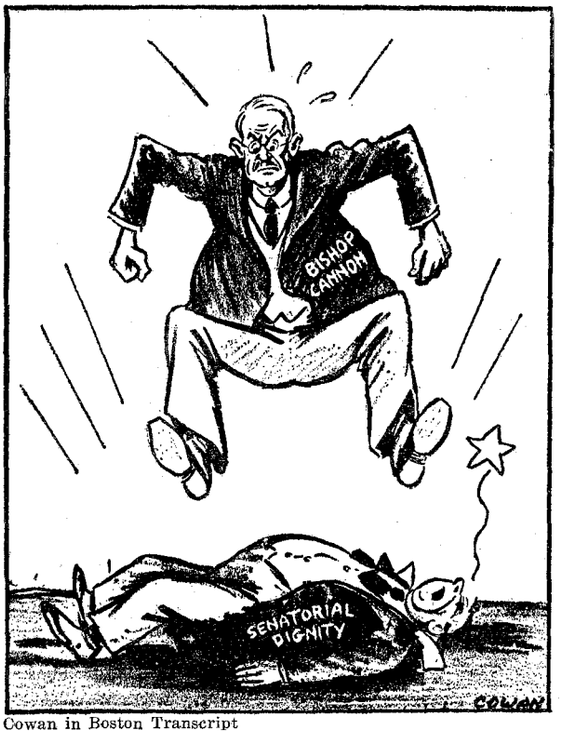
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE SUPPOSE it is unfair to grow too critical of the 1930 model of American statesman at the close of a long and tedious session of Congress. The times are bad and the temperature sizzling at the Capital; it is a reelection year and all action and speech must be tempered to the changeable gusts of popular opinion. The ancient issues—tariff, prohibition and prosperity—show signs of losing their appeal; protectionists damn the Hawley-Smoot bill, drys concede their critics' contentions and last year's investors are looking for work.

It is a transition stage, and the politician, unaccustomed as he is to non-political phenomena, discovers that his store of traditional tricks avails him nothing. He is, we find, a perplexed and panicky creature, chasing himself around in circles, or, like Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania during the closing hours of the tariff debate, playing tag with himself and losing the game. Indeed, it is to be wondered at that the Ship of State remains afloat at all, and we should seek consolation, perhaps, in the thought that next November the victims of the shipwreck become voters, and may place a new crew in charge.

We doubt if much is to be expected of the Democrats, however, for the minority can present the prize disappointment of the year in Thaddeus H. Caraway, chairman of the Senate Lobby Committee. To our mind, and almost everybody agrees, there is no more abject figure on Capitol Hill. If ever a public man endured heavier punishment than he took upon his return from Arkansas, where he had issued a statement defending Bishop Cannon's defiance of his own chairmanless committee, no correspondent recalls the incident.

While forty members of the press were ringed about him, he sat cross-legged on the historic table in the President's room of the Senate, and got a sample of the sort of treatment he has extended to witnesses before his committee. In blunt and brutal terms his actions and motives were impugned, and he was openly accused of "running away" in order to escape questioning an ecclesiast of his own church. Any other Senator, we imagine, would have resented such insinuations with blows or a show of indignation. But Mr. Caraway conceded what press and public have long maintained, namely, that the lobby inquiry had been a national disgrace. Moreover, he assumed full responsibility, and apologized publicly for "the damn fool things I have said and done." We think the details of this ordeal deserve disclosure if only that the record may be kept straight, since we doubt if this scene will be reported in any Senate document.




Cowan in Boston Transcript

*The Bishop Murder Case*

Though what Mr. Caraway said of the good Bishop will not bear publication, we noted that he backed away again when he was called upon to decide whether to examine or exonerate the clergyman. We do not mean to be too hard on the slouching and sarcastic Senator from Arkansas, especially as some of his colleagues trailed along with him. It is simply that we expected more of the chairman because he had threatened for months to "take the heavy clothes" off the Bishop if he were not disciplined by his Methodist peers. What the Senator meant, we believe, was that he would unfrock the Bishop of the Bucketshops, at least politically, if the Dallas conference took pity on his crutch and restored him to good standing among holy men. We doubt if Cannon's stature will be increased by Caraway's exoneration, since we hear that certain documents pertaining to the Virginia Richelieu's financial and political dealings may yet be read into the Congressional Record by that Episcopalian backslider from Boston, the Right Honorable George Holden Tinkham. Should the disclosures bear out one-half the rumors, they would place Mr. Caraway and his colleagues in a ridiculous light.

The Pennsylvania twins, Young David and "Old Joe" Grundy, also supplied a comic touch with their effort to convince the Capital they might vote against the tariff bill. Though they seemed to have harried themselves into some hesitation and pain, we find nobody else who was fooled, except possibly President Hoover and Senator Allen of Kansas. Mr. Reed, like Caraway, is a dejected person these days. The defeat of Mr. Grundy by Secretary Davis upset his plans to step out as a statesman instead of a provincial politician. The Senator had planned on permitting Mr. Grundy to perform the petty jobs of practical politics, thus relieving himself of this burden. He knows, however, that "Puddler Jim" will not accept such an obscure rôle. "The puddler" likes the limelight, and the show the two will put on ought to furnish some amusement. We think the only Senator unlikely to enjoy it is Mr. Henry Allen of Kansas, who, on a straight tip from the President, bet Alice Longworth that Reed would vote against the tariff bill. Incidentally, we learn from Alice that Allen did not disclose that his information came from headquarters, and that he was, therefore, taking her money, as he thought, on a sure thing. Maybe he thinks now there ought to be a tariff on such tips!

A. F. C.

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# Mr. Morrow's Victory

## *By the Editors*

The Outlook congratulates Dwight W. Morrow on his well-deserved victory in New Jersey. Mr. Morrow's race for the Republican nomination for Senator has been on the whole a model of what such campaigns should be. He has been frank, thoughtful, constructive. No one in modern American politics has shown more courage than he.

He has displayed his courage, not in onslaughts against his opponents, but in squarely facing issues—particularly the extremely important and extremely dangerous prohibition issue—and candidly discussing them. Indeed, if there was any flaw in his campaign, it lay in Mr. Morrow's failure to answer and destroy some of those who berated him.

ONE OF the most widely reported speeches in the primary contest was that of Dry Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, supporting Franklin Fort, or rather, denouncing Mr. Morrow. The main point of the embattled Professor's address was a none too subtle attack on Mr. Morrow's motives, associates, and the hidden "liquor interests," which he professed to see immediately behind Mr. Morrow's coat-tails. The problem of prohibition, itself, he did not discuss, save in terms of a decade ago.

To Professor Fisher's attack Mr. Morrow did not reply. Fortunately, however, an answer was forthcoming from President Hibben of Princeton, who pointed out the absurdity of the Professor's bogeymen and recognized the undoubted fact that Mr. Morrow represents a new leadership, animated by a fundamental righteousness which the churches ought to recognize, possessed of enlightened moral perception, and offering not bombast or Billy Sundayisms but a cure for present ills in the interest of temperance.

PROFESSOR FISHER'S ADDRESS is an excellent example of the Model 1896 form of argument, much in vogue among otherwise reputable prohibitionists, and much used against Mr. Morrow. So much are its main points the stock in trade of those who seek to perpetuate the present state of affairs, that with little addition they may be said to represent the whole character of the present attempt by Messrs. Fisher, Cannon, Wilson, Pickett, Jones, et al., to prevent any solution of the present-day liquor problem. Stated simply, this method of defense is to ignore the unquestioned evils brought about by the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act; to assign all defects in these acts to the evil and wicked nature of millions of citizens of the United States; to assume that the acts, themselves, are the perfect solution of the present situation, and to prove this not by discussion of present problems but by bitter and false attacks on the character and motives of all Wets, as well as the "hidden interests" behind them.

SAMUEL JOHNSON said that patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel. By patriotism he meant, of course, false professions of patriotism. He might well have added that the clinching argument of the dishonest pleader is an attack upon his adversary's motives and character. Thus is the point at issue evaded and obscured.

In the present instance, the value of Professor Fisher's attack upon Mr. Morrow becomes clear the moment one considers what such an attack would sound like were the situation reversed. Immediately the embattled and Dry educator stands accused of furthering the cause of the organized bootleggers of the country—the only liquor interests left in the United States—of being hand in glove with those contractors interested in building more prisons, and unwittingly a partner of the gangsters of New Haven and the corrupt ring of Dry agents, policemen, speakeasy proprietors and rum runners who are getting rich because of the blindness of such men as himself. Are these alcohol millionaires using Dr. Fisher and the Reverends of the Anti-Saloon League to keep their tool, President Hoover, in the Presidency, after having used Mr. Coolidge for the purpose?

MANIFESTLY ABSURD, of course. Yet not more so than the loose cracker-barrel talk indulged in so freely by most of the outstanding Drys. Observe how neatly such attacks serve to leave the present situation where it is. How, under the fire of such debatable insinuations, the point at issue is destroyed completely, because it is no longer under discussion.

The curious part of it is—curious, since many excellent men have espoused the Dry cause and for various reasons still do—the curious part of it is that every single evil born of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act made its appearance ten years ago. Each one has simply been growing in size ever since. Rum running, still manufacturing, large, small, diversion of industrial alcohol, faking of druggist permits, speakeasies and bootleggers have all been with us for a decade. They have been growing year by year in size, and in menace, in direct ratio to the efforts to eradicate them. The fruits of prohibition—corruption, gangsters, tyranny, disrespect for law—have been on the increase along with this growth. Ten years of increasing problems. And, yet, all that the Drys—leaving aside more enforcement—have been able to contribute to the prohibition discussion is attacks upon character and motives, upon patriotism and citizenship, even when character and motives, patriotism and citizenship are really unquestionable, as they are in the case of Mr. Morrow.

TO THE THOUGHTFUL observer it will seem odd that during all this time no Dry has thought of considering the Prohibition Law itself as in any way responsible for prohibition's evil. No Dry has risen to remark that perhaps the law could be changed here or altered there in the light of new knowledge. On the contrary, a blind obstinacy has clouded the perception and addled the judgment of otherwise practical enough men.

Mr. Morrow's nomination, which we hope will result in his election, is clear warning that such tactics no longer serve to convince the nation. Where prohibition is concerned, the country is growing up.

The Editors

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# ▶▶ The Stream of Business ◀◀

*By* FRANK A. FALL

## ▶▶*Troubles of the Titans*

BUSINESS growing pains still rack the body politic and economic. There are so many of them that a card-catalog system is required for keeping track of them, but one sample from the steel and one from the motors group will serve to point the moral, if any, and to adorn the tale, such as it is.

As these paragraphs were written, attorneys for the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation had just asked for dismissal of the suit brought by counsel for Cyrus S. Eaton of Cleveland in the name of Myron C. Wick, Jr., and the International Share Corporation, to stop the Youngstown-Bethlehem merger. Unfair use of Price-Waterhouse data lent to President Purnell of Youngstown is charged by the pro-merger interests, who insist that dissenting stockholders have lost their rights as shareholders and that the merger will ultimately be consummated. Trouble enough here, surely, and the end is not yet.

Round two of the General Motors-Yellow Taxi fight ended with honors about even. Before Justice Lydon of the Supreme Court of New York County Albert Jaeckel, attorney for Yellow Taxi, argued that General Motors got its Furness Bermuda Lines pier contract by threatening to divert shipments to other lines, this constituting a form of coercion in violation of the law. Henry B. Hogan, attorney for General Motors, called Yellow a "cry baby" and entered a general denial of the charges. The men are now in their corners, ladies and gentlemen, and in a few seconds we shall hear the bell for the third round.

## ▶▶*Small Town Stuff*

URBANITES, and particularly some who originated in Greenville Corners or Tompkinsville, seem to feel that they have consigned a person or an idea to deserved oblivion by invoking the familiar characterization "small town." Used descriptively, this tag is stock-in-trade of every popinjay who yearns to be accepted as a true cosmopolite.

Just what is the latest news from the small town, anyway? Unless the Bureau of Agricultural Economics is all out of plumb, the news is that towns of from 1,000 to 10,000 are virtually the only communities in the United States right now in which business is actually on the increase. Bureau officials assert that the bulk of the farmers' income is now spent in towns within this population range, and that this condition is going to continue for at least another generation.

This doesn't impress the would-be cosmopolite very much. Being well informed on economic developments, he knows that the farm population has shrunk from 31,000,000 to 27,000,000 in the past ten years. What he does not know, and never can understand, is that the 27,000,000 have, for spending and saving purposes, exactly what the 31,000,000 had,—the neat sum of ten billion dollars a year. But why give any rating to this piece of change? After all, it's only small town stuff.

## INDICES

(*A two-minute summary*)

**Commodity Prices** (Fisher's Index—1926=100) June 14—87.0. (Crump's British Index—1926 =100) June 14—79.3.

**Car Loadings** (American Railway Assn.) Week ended May 31—860,249 cars (reduction of 71,223 under preceding week and of 112,576 under same week of 1929).

**Steel Ingot Production** Week ended June 7—71% of capacity (same as preceding week; reduction of 25.5% under same week of 1929).

**Crude Oil Production** Week ended June 7—daily average gross 2,588,050 barrels (reduction of 21,400 under preceding week and of 136,400 under same week of 1929).

**Grain Exports** Week ended June 7—944,000 bushels (reduction of 15,000 under preceding week and of 865,000 under same week of 1929).

**Bank Clearings** (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended June 12—$10,792,419,000 (increase of 7.8% over preceding week; reduction of 3.3% under same week of 1929).

**Failures** (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended June 12—489 (increase of 4 over preceding week and of 63 over same week of 1929).

## ▶▶*Simplified Home-Buying*

THE INTEGRATION process is advancing rapidly in building construction, as it is in so many other fields of business. If a plan developed by the Kansas City Real Estate Board and announced by the National Association of Real Estate Boards clicks in other parts of the country as it apparently has in Missouri, the ranks of home-builders will be appreciably augmented during the next few years.

Vertical organization has already grouped construction operations in such a way that the prospective home owner may purchase, in a single operation, all the materials and services involved in the construction of a dwelling. The Kansas City plan makes it possible for him to pay for his home by a similarly direct and concentrated method.

Through an insured home purchase arrangement, the buyer covers in a stipulated monthly payment to a trust company all the expenses of the purchase,—interest and principal payment on both first and second mortgage, if desired; annual taxes; and insurance payments. The trust company, acting as trustee for the purchaser, makes all payments direct to the agencies which are entitled to receive them. If the buyer is permanently disabled, his payments are protected by insurance. If he dies, his widow's interests are safeguarded. The plan appears to be air-tight. Here's a hope that it may prove to be so.

## ▶▶*Investigate—Then Invest*

MANY A Wall Street headache might have been avoided if *Analysis of Industrial Securities* (Ronald Press $5.00) had been on the market, and had been read, marked and inwardly digested by a number of people during the first eight or nine months of 1929.

The authors are Carl Kraft of the Federal Aviation Corporation and Louis P. Starkweather, formerly of the Bankers Trust Company and now on the faculty of New York University. The book is inscribed to Dean A. Wellington Taylor of the N. Y. U. Graduate School of Business Administration.

One of the outstanding features of the volume is chapter VII on "Ratios—Their Application and Limitations." Thanks to Alexander Wall and James H. Bliss, American accountancy has done some distinguished pioneering in the ratio method of statement analysis. Mr. Kraft and Mr. Starkweather have appropriately stressed this most important factor.

The technique of industrial analysis is, as the authors admit, somewhat complicated. It involves knowledge of accounting, industrial property values, corporation finance, marketing, management and many other subjects. What the authors have done is to bring into one volume the more important factors of each of these, and blend them into a comprehensive manual. They tackled an important job, and have done it well.

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# ▶▶ But Does the Dog Know It? ◀◀

*By* T. R. YBARRA

PARIS.

THERE is a story about a man, leading a dog, who met another man. The dog promptly proceeded to snarl and circle viciously about the other man, apparently preparing to bite a large piece out of his leg. But the dog's master, smiling reassuringly, met the other's obvious alarm at the dog's actions with the nonchalant remark:

"Don't worry. I know absolutely that my dog won't bite you."

"That's all very well," said the other man, *"but does the dog know it?"*

THAT anecdote applies quite appropriately to the present state of feeling between France and Italy. During the last few months it has more than once approached the danger point in tension. At each belligerent outburst from Premier Mussolini, painting the charms of a warlike state of mind as against the love of peace, and warning Italy's neighbors not to stand in the path of Italian development along the lines envisaged by Fascismo, optimists rise up in France and elsewhere and exclaim reassuringly:

"Don't worry! He is talking entirely for home consumption. He simply means to use the martial ardor which his words arouse among the Italians to keep them at work and make them prosperous. He knows absolutely that they won't want to attack France or anybody else."

"That's all very well," murmur the skeptics, "but—*do they know it?"*

Mussolini's ferocious speeches may possibly be entirely for home consumption. The fact remains, however, that they constitute one of the gravest menaces to the maintenance of peace in Europe.

To maintain it is a difficult matter at best, even when no European statesman is making faces at any other. But when the head of a nation, already known as a man of determination and action, tells a madly enthusiastic audience of his fellow-countrymen that "words are beautiful things but cannon are more beautiful," statesmen and the public large in neighboring countries may be pardoned if they consider his speech—to borrow a phrase popular in England—"a bit thick."

In France, especially, that remark of Mussolini's about the relative beauty of words and cannon is deemed "a bit thick"—to say nothing of a score of other recent Mussolinian utterances to Italian audiences. And people in France and all over Europe are being struck more and more by the ominous resemblance of the remarks of Mussolini to the pre-war utterances of a certain other European who was very prominent in pre-war days—one Wilhelm Hohenzollern.

HE, TOO, greatly admired cannon and shining armor and other such things. He did not spend much time stroking the feathers of the dove of peace and listening to its amiable cooing. Perhaps it was all for home consumption—perhaps it was a subtle way of showing love for the aforesaid bird. If so, the method was far too subtle for the world at large, which persisted in taking Wilhelm's words at their face value. As a result, now—not so very long after Wilhelm began to utter them—hundreds of cities, towns and villages in a dozen countries have monuments in memory of those from their midst—totaling millions—who died on the battlefield, during four unforgettable years when words were in abeyance and cannon did the talking.

Wilhelm Hohenzollern spoke about Germany demanding "her place in the sun." Benito Mussolini growls angrily about the necessity for other nations to keep from thwarting Italy's legitimate aspirations.

Wilhelm Hohenzollern talked about how other nations, egged on by Edward VII of England, were seeking to bring about the "encirclement" of Germany. Benito Mussolini—folding his arms in Napoleonic style and looking from under beetling brows at France—uses that very word "encirclement" in describing French ambitions regarding Italy.

Wilhelm Hohenzollern spoke of Germany's teeming population, of her need for colonies overseas to keep Germans superfluous at home from emigrating to lands not under the German flag. Benito Mussolini points out how Italy's population is already greater than that of France, and then casts a significant glance at territories in Northern Africa over which the French tricolor waves. Nor does he let Italians forget some territory nearer home, the French Riviera, once part of the domain of the House of Savoy, which now rules over Italy—in whose metropolis, the fair city of Nice, that renowned Italian hero, Giuseppe Garibaldi, first saw the light of day.

"Incidents," one close on the heels of another, have cropped up during the last few months in French-Italian relations, of a sort calculated to make pessimists chortle "I told you so" and optimists lie awake nights, full of foreboding.

Not long ago an Italian vessel was found taking soundings—according to the French—in one of the harbors of French Tunisia, a land quite near the coast of Italy, which many Italians would dearly love to possess. The captain of the vessel insisted that he had taken refuge in the harbor on account of fog, but his words did not allay French skepticism.

More recently still, an Italian consular official was removed from his post on the French Riviera because he had been instrumental in sending a delegation of young girls from the region to Rome, on the occasion of the wedding of Prince Humbert, son of the King of Italy, and Princess Marie-José, daughter of the King of the Belgians, when the said young girls, dressed in the costume of the Riviera, marched past the royal couple in the midst of other girls, from all over Italy, dressed in the typical local costume of their homes.

TO THE French the implication was obvious, viz: that the French Riviera was a sort of "Italia Irredenta," wrongfully held by France, whose inhabitants were Italians and, consequently, entitled to take part in a parade of other Italians. The authorities at Paris did not rest until the Italian official deemed responsible for the affront had been disciplined.

It's just one thing after another—in Franco-Italian relations. As soon as they get smooth again on the surface, Mussolini says something, or some ultra-zealous Fascist does something, and—the fat is in the fire again!

"Don't worry!" say reassuring optimists, on both sides of the Italian-French frontier—and elsewhere in the world as well—"Mussolini knows what he is about. He knows absolutely that he doesn't want to loose the dogs of war!"

"That's all very well," counter the pessimists, "but—*do the dogs know it?"*

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# ▸▸ Despotism of the Mob ◂◂

*By* JOHN BAKELESS

FEW BOOKS have ever been written which have fitted more precisely than Mr. Everett Dean Martin's *Liberty* (W. W. Norton) the needs of the times for which and in which they were written. What Mr. Martin says is by no means new. There is, indeed, scarcely an original thought in the whole book, nor is this least among its many merits; for what we need today is not allegedly "original" thinking about the ancient problem of human freedom. We need rather a careful examination of the fundamentals of political thought since Aristotle, and their intelligent re-application to the dangerous new forms that modern tyranny assumes.

There was a time when the tyrant was a single powerful individual, or a small, powerful class; but these have long been conquered, so far at least as the so-called Anglo-Saxon peoples are concerned. The modern tyrant, in America especially, is neither a powerful individual nor a powerful class. It is true that masterful character, supported by an overdevelopment of the acquisitive instinct, does frequently push its way to political or economic leadership. And it is also true that a relatively small group of moneyed leaders exerts tremendous influence on every aspect of the nation's life.

But for all that, the chief and most dangerous tyrant of our day is none of these, but rather the democratically enfranchised populace itself, which sometimes lends itself to them as a tool.

"There is a popular fiction that all that is necessary for liberty is to let people rule," says Mr. Martin. "This is nothing but the self-flattery of the crowd. As many despotisms have been established by the common people as by the privileged class. There is no form of tyranny more intolerable than that of the mob."

At first sight, this seems like paradox. "How," one naturally asks, "can a people enslave itself?" Mr. Martin might be content to reply, "Look about you," depending on the condition of modern America to provide a painfully adequate demonstration of his view. But he has preferred to make explicit the assault on freedom of thought and person which are but too familiar in contemporary American life. With tolerance, clarity, and vigor he explains his reasons for fearing that since ancient tyrants have been overthrown, "the emergent enemy of human freedom is the crowd itself."

THE root of the matter lies in our definition of liberty. "To the mass of men, acting as a whole, liberty is primarily the removal of restraint on crowd behavior and what crowds call liberty is not liberty for the individual: it is liberty for the crowd to act without considering the results of its behavior on other people." This is particularly dangerous because the crowd is always extremist, obstinate, swayed by propaganda, given over to faction, and to utter conservatism.

But there are really several quite different views of liberty, only one of which is worth respecting. This is the clear-cut and valid classic view that liberty is the attainment and defense of certain concrete rights,—"the specific rights of mature persons with independent and responsible intelligence, rights justified by experience and the logic of the situation, which the sovereign power has been forced to recognize and guarantee for the future by constitutional authority. Thus liberty means definitely limiting the power of the sovereign, whether that sovereign be a king or a majority, and leaving to the intelligence of the individual the control of such behavior as concerns primarily himself." In this, as Mr. Martin very properly points out, there is "no suggestion of the delusion which has long persisted in American democracy that people may enjoy the liberties of the civilized man without having first attained the civilized man's attitude toward life."

Opposed to this is the romantic conception of Rousseau and his disciples, conscious and unconscious, that liberty is a vague state of human happiness, to be attained at a bound by enfranchising the masses and making the crowd dominant; since to the romantic, man is by nature good and if free to do as he will, must will to do right!

The last century has seen the slow conquest of the first view of liberty by the second view. Today, the dominance of the crowd has gone so far that we face the question, "How are we going to protect the personal self of ourselves against the public self of everybody?"

How, in other words, if I have a taste for biological research, can I protect my private right to carry it on and publish my findings, in the face of a million illiterate busybodies who find that it conflicts with their interpretation of Hebrew folklore? How, if I have a taste for the great classics of European literature, can I get my books past a customs inspector sworn to enforce the tabus of ten million illiterate purity-hounds? My troubles, in these cases, arise from the fact that my view of liberty makes intellectual freedom a concrete right of the mature individual. And this view is in hopeless conflict with the ignorant public's mass of misinformation and tabu, which proclaims the right of the crowd to control the individual and everything else in sight. To liberty in the true sense, the crowd is totally indifferent.

Shall we then, asks Mr. Martin, "despair because few men love liberty? It has always been so. Liberty is not a natural gift. The problem of freedom involves the whole problem of civilization. We can no longer fight a king to obtain our liberty; we have to fight for freedom in ourselves and in our communities. No people can remain free now who are not civilized. In the Twentieth Century every person who achieves self-criticism or discrimination in matters of thought, intellectual honesty, and skepticism of popular slogans, is really a friend of liberty."

Is there any prospect that the land of the free and the home of the brave may ultimately achieve at least such measure of liberty that Plato—if he were alive again—would not be kicked off the faculty of a freshwater college, or Socrates imprisoned for sedition?

MR. MARTIN takes neither an ultra-gloomy nor a highly optimistic view. He realizes fully the danger offered any true liberty by the naïve American faith in uninstructed unintelligence—a view which has been absorbed more or less unconsciously from Rousseau. He realizes also the growing intolerance of the American mind, which is gradually coming to be concerned with material prosperity to the exclusion of all other values. "There probably never before existed a nation in which agreement was so nearly unanimous

*(Please Turn to Page 316)*

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# ▶▶ Business at Mid-Year ◀◀

*By* WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

FOR BUSINESS men the middle of the year is always a convenient time for retrospect and for gauging future developments. Frequently it also marks a turning point in the trend of trade and industry. A study of the business curves prepared by many of the well-known statistical organizations will show that an abrupt reversal of the direction of the curve occurs at mid-year with most striking regularity. This is hardly a coincidence; it happens too often for that. New trends do not appear, of course, merely because it happens to be the middle of the year, but rather because the conditions prevailing in late June and early July are often of a sort to set forces in motion whose effects will presently be registered on the business curve.

June, for example, is always the crucial month in the winter-wheat belt of the Middle West. The farmers then gather and begin to market their big money crop. The banks in the larger cities, in anticipation of the demand for money for crop-moving, have less funds available for loans on securities. The country banks begin to withdraw any surplus funds they may have deposited in New York or other financial centers, and the flow of money into the interior usually causes a firming of the rates on call loans and may show its effect on the stock market. The New York banks likewise find it necessary to mobilize a huge sum in order to meet the payments of dividends and bond-interest which fall due on July 1.

The funds thus withdrawn for special purposes at this season will gradually find their way back into the banks in the chief financial centers, and the rise in the money rate may prove to be only temporary. This does not mean, however, that the return flow of money from the interior will bring a restoration of the *status quo ante*. The movement of funds back and forth has effected many changes in the distribution of wealth, and these may have important effects on business during the coming months. In the winter-wheat belt, for example, the net result of the redistribution now under way will depend on what the farmers obtain for their grain. If the price is high enough to bring them a profit over and above their operating costs, the money turnover will leave them the gainers, and business in this area will feel a bracing effect which will eventually be passed on to other parts of the country. If the price is too low, the farmers will emerge from their harvest deeper in debt than before, and the final result for the country will be quite different. Those who are wondering what to expect in coming months would do well, therefore, to keep an eye on the agricultural situation.

The middle of the year is an equally important period in the field of finance. Disbursements by corporations for the payment of dividends on their stocks and interest on their bonds always reach their peak in July. The total of such payments in July, 1929, has been estimated at $863,000,000. This year, in spite of some reductions in dividends, the amount may be still larger, because the decreases in dividends will be offset by payments to be made on the new securities floated during the past twelve months. January 1 and July 1 seem to be the most popular dates for the maturity of coupons, and a large proportion of the dividends also fall due on these dates. Because the total amount of securities outstanding is constantly increasing, there is always a larger distribution of interest and dividends in July than there was in the preceding January.

A large part of the July distribution of this year is certain to be reinvested. What is not invested will either be spent or allowed to remain on deposit in banks. The portion reinvested will aid the security market, the portion spent will help stimulate trade, and the portion left in the banks will be available for commercial credits. As in the case of the wheat harvest, this redistribution of close to a billion dollars among bondholders and shareholders will necessarily set many new forces to work, and the net result may show itself in that composite picture we call general business.

YET, in order that the importance of the July distributions and reinvestments may not be overemphasized, it should be noted that the same sort of thing is happening on a smaller scale in every month of the year. Total dividend and interest payments during 1929 amounted to seven billions. In spite of numerous cuts, total dividend payments in the first five months of the current year have been 15 per cent larger than in the corresponding period of 1929. February and August are the months in which the distributions of dividends and interest are the smallest, but even in these months they amount to several hundred millions. The July distributions are important because of their size and because they come at a time when business is usually experiencing a period of seasonal dullness and the security markets are most likely to be susceptible to such a stimulus.

It will be interesting to note the effect on the bond market when the mid-year reinvestment begins. There has been good buying of bonds all this year, but it has been mainly on behalf of institutions. Total new capital issues (stocks and bonds) down to June 1 of this year have amounted in round numbers to three and a half billions and have been about 5 per cent greater than in the same months of last year. But the most significant thing about these new flotations is the great change in the relative amounts of stocks and bonds. The stock issues amounted to only a third of those a year ago, while the bond issues increased by two-thirds.

The business depression of the past few months has destroyed the market for new stocks, but until June the partiality of the individual investor for seasoned stocks was still in evidence. When the stock market ran into the doldrums in the late spring, and when reports of dividends passed or reduced became more and more frequent, the investing public began to show signs of losing its taste for common stocks. The bond market, meantime, began to show signs of new vigor. The movement of bond prices so far this year has been rather disappointing. This has not been due to lack of demand so much as to the tendency of investment bankers to float new issues faster than they could be absorbed.

It is too early yet to say whether the let-down in the demand for stocks has started the long-awaited improvement in bond prices. The average investor is only now awakening to the fact that the world is experiencing a major downward swing of the business cycle. This knowledge presumably will make him more conservative in his choices, and to that extent it should add to the popularity of bonds and preferred stocks.

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# The Leisure Arts

## *Speaking of Books — The Theatre — The Movies*

### Roosevelt and Wister

OWEN WISTER begins his *Roosevelt, the Story of a Friendship* (Macmillan $4), with the days at Harvard in 1880 when the future author of *The Virginian* was a sophomore and the future President a senior. He knew Theodore Roosevelt only slightly at college and implies that this was largely because of their difference in rank. Roosevelt was about to graduate, and belonged to all the best clubs. Wister was a lowly sophomore who as yet had his laurels to win.

The fact is, however, that Theodore Roosevelt, as a Harvard undergraduate, had developed few of the gifts he possessed so amply in later years. He made the essential clubs because of his family. On the whole he was unpopular. He was out of place in an institution—the youthful President Eliot was just getting under way in 1880—where undergraduates wrote sonnets to "Thou Goddess, Indifference!" where it was considered bad form to cross the Yard at a pace faster than a slow walk.

To Mr. Wister, an underclassman, Roosevelt was glamorous, however. Thus one begins his study of this remarkable American with foreboding that the sophomore's worship is to permeate a life's friendship. It does so only in part. Mr. Wister murmurs—"as if what I thought was of importance" in relating some Rooseveltian reaction to something he has said. He talks of being "in the full sunshine of his attention." Later on, however, he is far more objective. After all, even James Ford Rhodes, in what purports to be an impartial study of the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations, apologizes for his presumption in differing with the Great Man.

It was when Roosevelt, the President, disagreed with Wister, the author, that the attitude of reverence vanished entirely. Mr. Wister had written his *Lady Baltimore*. He had been in Charleston and had seen how Roosevelt's good intentions in appointing a Negro to office in that city had brought only bitterness. So he wove the incident into the book, and received a lengthy letter in which Roosevelt defended his action and set forth in detail his views on slavery, Reconstruction, the Negro, and the extreme stupidity of Southerners. It is printed for the first time, as far as I know, in this volume. It throws valuable light on this phase of Roosevelt's career.

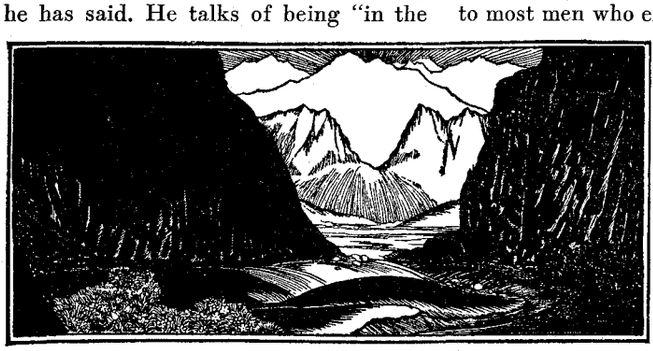
The friendship lasted until Roosevelt died in 1919. Thus Mr. Wister's recollections cover the days of Roosevelt as Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Governor of New York, Vice-President, President and Bull Moose Progressive. The portrait offered is intimate, detailed and far more impartial than would be possible to most men who enjoyed the friendship of this stimulating individual. Mr. Wister offers new material, not all of it accurate, regarding the historic split with the Republican Party in 1912. In dealing with the World War he suffers from a cancerous hatred of Woodrow Wilson.

Historians will be grateful to Mr. Wister. His book will be weighed as source material with such other valuable ones as the letters of Archie Butt, John J. Leary's *Talks with T. R.*, Lawrence Abbott's recollections, the letters of Roosevelt as edited by Bishop, the Lodge-Roosevelt correspondence, and the sadly neglected letters of Cecil Spring Rice. The general reader will appreciate an entertaining account of the Roosevelt era. Most of all, perhaps, will be valued Mr. Wister's short, accurately drawn portraits of Henry Adams, Jules Jusserand, Henry Cabot Lodge, John Hay, Albert Beveridge, Supreme Court Justice Holmes and others who were known as "The Familiars." These men, no less than Theodore Roosevelt, gave a new flavor to official Washington between 1901 and 1909. In some ways it was a golden age with Roosevelt as the Pericles of Strenuosity. No one ever was bored, and this Mr. Wister's book reflects.

The volume, for some reason, lacks an index. The fault should be remedied in the next edition.

HENRY F. PRINGLE.

*DAHL LAKE AND HOUSEBOAT*



*TOWARDS THE ZOJI-LA*

*Decorations by Ronald Balfour for Constance Bridges' "Thin Air." (Brewer & Warren)*

### The Week's Reading

IF YOU HAVE a summer taste for leisurely, rambling reading, you should enjoy *Exploring for Plants* by David Fairchild (Macmillan $5), a book which may sound dull to all but botanists, but which is not dull at all. Its only fault, as a hammock book, is its weight, probably due to the paper required for the two hundred illustrations. Dr. Fairchild has headed several expeditions to search for and investigate rare flora in remote parts of the world, and the record of some of them is given in this book. Pretending to no literary quality, the book achieves the ease of cultured conversation. It tells of no especially exciting adventures and contains little

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comment on matters outside the interests of the expeditions. Nevertheless, it is entertaining reading. There is something dazzling about scenes where the florist's most expensive exotics grow wild, and a Swiss Family Robinson sort of charm about the finding and eating of strange fruits.

Our first summer pot-boiler is *The Datchley Inheritance* by Stephen McKenna (Dodd, Mead $2.50). It is a pot-boiler not because it is a badly written book—McKenna could not write badly if he tried—but because it is a good writer's quick work. Money is the root of all evil. That, it happens, is the theme of *The Datchley Inheritance*. "Old Mortality" Datchley, a particularly nasty miser, leaves a will which disposes of his huge fortune by leaving it to the one of his eight grandsons who marries first after the will is read. The boys, who have been obliged by their grandfather's meanness to grow up without money, attack the problem with despatch. But their ladies have a way of wanting to be loved for themselves, and even the winner does not find things too easy. The book divides into short stories, several of which are clever. But the frame which holds the separate stories together is shaky and the book ends in a riot of nonsense which is dull even as hot weather fiction. Stephen McKenna writes so skillfully as to cause regret for his need of pot-boiling.

*Captured* by Ferdinand Huszti Horvath (Dodd, Mead $2.50) grades about C in War books. It tells the story of the author's experience as an officer in the Tiroler Kaiserjaeger, a crack Austrian regiment. After being twice wounded in earlier engagements, the hero of *Captured* took part in the great 1915 drive of the Austro-Hungarian armies in Galicia and, in an engagement during which he and his company was separated from their regiment, was taken prisoner by the Russians. In Russia, he was moved from one horrible prison to another, until he at last made his escape in the demoralized conditions following the fall of the Kerensky government. The book is vivid enough while it dwells upon experiences at the front and in the prison camps, experiences ugly, heart-breaking, mind-dulling as they were on every front. But toward the end a love story is inserted, clumsy and tiresome. The author of *Captured*, a painter, now living in New York, writes in popular-magazine style.

A far better War book is *Everyman at War*, edited by C. B. Purdon (Dutton $2.50), a collection of sixty narratives of Englishmen in all the services. Most of the narratives are by men who have never written for publication. They are remarkable personal documents, and should be invaluable to future students of the War. Taken with *Armageddon* (Cape and Smith, already reviewed in these pages) they tell as much of men at war as all the rest of the war books put together.

A few months ago Josephine Pollitt

*THE ROPE BRIDGE*

wrote on the human background of Emily Dickinson's poetry, and incidentally presented her theory as to the identity of the man whom Emily loved and lost. Now in *The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson* by Genevieve Taggard (Knopf $4), another gentleman is advanced as claimant of the honor, and his claim is supported by sworn statements. We now have Dr. Charles Wadsworth, mystic, emotional preacher of immortality, the Dickinson family's candidate, Major Hunt, engineer and soldier, Mrs. Pollitt's candidate, and George Gould, Amherst student and afterwards Presbyterian minister in Springfield and Hartford, Miss Taggard's candidate. Miss Taggard, having selected George Gould as the hero of Emily Dickinson's love story, selects Edward Dickinson, the "jealous gentleman, God," Emily's father, as villain. His refusal to permit his very young daughter to engage herself to a man who had still his way to make in the world is given as the reason for the tragedy of frustration. That Squire Dickinson should issue a mandate forbidding Emily to see the Amherst student again, and that she should obey it and thenceforth isolate herself from outward life, are entirely believable. It seems to this reviewer that, on the evidence of the poetry, Mrs. Pollitt makes out the best case for her man. But lawyer, mystic, engineer, traveler, even critic lent Emily thoughts and words for her poetry. How foolish, after all, to care. All of these men are long since dead and each is enshrined somewhere in Emily Dickinson's poetry, thus assured of an immortality which, if any one of them had been not only loved but wedded, none of them might have had. So much interest in the identity of Emily Dickinson's beloved savors of gossip on the grand scale and is a part of the tiresome contemporary preoccupation with personalities which does much to feminize biography and criticism. It is just as likely that Emily had no tangible lover at all. She was romantic, imaginative, probably highly sexed. Young men were not welcome in her father's house. Four or five men charmed and inspired her in her youth. May she not have created a composite picture of them and endowed it with life? Such things have happened to others than poets. And the poet, of all people, is apt to create his love in the image of his own ideal; and apt to save it from the devastation of embodiment in actual flesh. Genevieve Taggard is, herself, a poet. Her critical study of Emily Dickinson's poetry is extremely interesting. But in its biographical aspects, her book is gushing and somewhat overladen with color. It takes a thief to catch a thief but not a poet to write about a poet. More objectivity and less emotion make for clearer and also more moving work. Too much Genevieve Taggard, in this book, makes too little Emily Dickinson. And that is a pity when one considers the amount of love and study which have evidently gone into the preparation of *The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson*. In an advance notice of a forthcoming life of Voltaire, we have just read "No apology is needed for a new biography of Voltaire. The story of his life should be the backbone of the library of every thinking man and woman." Setting aside the fact that no apology is needed for any good book, one may ask just why *the story of his life* should be the backbone of any library. By their works ye shall know them. The best thing that any book on Emily Dickinson can do is to send more readers to her poetry.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

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Two new titles on the most discussed books list are an adventure story and a historical novel. Zane Grey's *Shepherd of Guadaloupe* (Harper $2) is like all his books, a good story. Technically, Mr. Grey's style is excellent, his plots run like well-oiled machines; his climaxes are carefully prepared for and neatly placed. He deals in the unreal world, the motion-picturesque. This tale has to do with a World War veteran reported missing. After some years of trouble and pain he returns to his New Mexican home to find his father's ranch in the hands of his father's worst enemy. The enemy has a lovely daughter. The love and torn loyalties of the young

*From Otto Nuckel's novel in lead cuts, "Destiny" (Farrar and Rinehart)*

folks and the mean villainies of the old make the story which has a happy ending. If you like Zane Grey, don't let any one shame you out of reading him. His notions of life are no more distorted than those of the novelists of abnormality and he writes as well as half the "geniuses" that the publishers tell us about weekly. Irving Bacheller's *A Candle in the Wilderness* (Bobbs, Merrill $2) is a story of colonial New England with a very rich historical background and plenty of assorted characters, Puritans, Indians, scalawags and so forth. The story has two heroes, high-hearted lads come out of England to make their fortunes. One falls into disgrace and lives through sad years. The other wanders the primeval forests. There is a love story but it is less touching than the story of friendship.

# Who's Who in Neurosis?

## *As Diagnosed in the New Books on Psychology*

THOSE whose business it is to analyze the living with their frequent and challenging insurrections must sometimes think wistfully of the non-resistant dead. They receive so quietly whatever complex is awarded them in the neurotic hall of fame. They do not murmur even when psychologists decipher posthumous intelligence quotients for them, as did Catharine Cox in her study of the youthful mentalities of some three hundred geniuses a few years ago. Now comes Beverley R. Tucker who writes entertainingly of the great and the dead in *The Gift of Genius* (Stratford Company). Whether differing schools will accept his conclusions as correct, or not, he has brought together interesting material and his brief chapters on genius, heredity, education and conduct provide good summer reading.

We learn that King David was a cyclothymiac—a person who has pronounced cyclic periods of elevation and depression without being actually insane, that Caesar was a paranoic with delusions of divinity. Robert Burns had an inferiority complex, Shelley was a praecoid with flights of phantasy bordering on the abnormal; Poe possessed an Oedipus complex, Beethoven was emotionally unstable for which music lovers may give thanks. The author thinks we've all been mistaken in regarding Queen Elizabeth as a masculine type: she was only a perennial flapper. Poor Napoleon, regarded by some psychologists as the greatest egotist of all, proves to be a delicate lady, psychologically, with all his troubles due to predominant feminine characteristics. George Eliot, on the other hand, was orthodoxly masculine in her nature, permitting George Lewes to lavish upon her the submerged devotion of a wife. George Sand, despite the calumniations of masculine biographers, was essentially feminine and maternal. It seems that Mona Lisa's smile, rumored confidentially by the Freudians to be of homosexual connotation, saying "I can get along without men," is not hers at all. The smile really belongs to Leonardo da Vinci and reflects the amused superiority he developed as compensation for the blows of fate.

Leonardo has proved a whole clinic for psychologists. However they differ upon some aspects of his varied nature, in general they agree that he was not able to love one of the opposite sex. *Amiel's Philine* (Houghton Mifflin Company), a hitherto unpublished section of the Journal, translated by Van Wyck Brooks, reveals a similar situation. It is a curious twist of destiny that the scholarly professor who believed himself called to great things without being able to specify what they were, should have achieved fame merely by analyzing his plight. But to the reticent the capacity to write 16,900 pages of manuscript, representing some forty-eight volumes at least, about one's self is an achievement in itself. *Philine* like the rest of the Journal is an example of utter frankness in self-analysis, revealing the best and the worst of its author. The love affair, if such it may be called, lasted over twelve years and the record of it proves that Amiel was pathologically celibate. Although he was more interested in women than in anything else whatever, he was unable to achieve the normal relationship between the sexes. Edmond Jaloux discusses the subject in an excellent introduction, suggesting that Amiel's abnormality was a sort of phobia. Undoubtedly this new material will provide valuable data for diagnosticians.

One can foresee how the Adlerians will find in Amiel's inhibited love life a manifestation of inferiority, caused probably by his position in the family as an only son with two sisters. The Jungians will perhaps discover that his difficulties came from a mother complex aggravated by the death of his mother when he was only twelve years old. To the Freudians he will illustrate almost any form of infantile sexual fixation with a side line of narcissism, while the Behaviorists will suggest that he was either kissed too much or too little by his mother, so that his amative reflexes were conditioned. And there are still the doctors to agree or disagree about the condition of his glands. Whatever the diagnosis, Amiel lived too early to have the benefit of cure for his tortured spirit. Even more tragic is the sorrowful figure of Philine herself. For here was a woman who lavished her love upon a man as wooden and unresponsive as a telegraph pole, who teased her great passion with a return in sentimental friendship only, who prolonged the relation between them more than a decade that he might continue his "mild studies in feminine psychology."

In the literature of mental states there is nothing more captivating than Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. A new edition now appears,

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edited by Floyd Dell and Paul Jordan-Smith (Farrar and Rinehart), with the Latin given in English for the first time. Written more than three hundred years ago, this book remains unique as "a compendium of everything that caught the fancy of a fine and lusty scholar who lived in an unspecialized age. Poetry, medicine, psychology, philosophy, old wives' tales, philology, wars, antiquarian lore, theology, morals, history, climatology, food, travel, love, hate, ambition, pride, astrology, art, politics, and a scheme for the establishment of a Utopia." Burton emerged from a period when mental disorders had been attributed to Satan or to sin and there is some reflection of this attitude in his discussion of fiery spirits, water spirits, terrestrial devils and bad angels who are the earth-bound souls of departed men, as causes of melancholy. But with this concession to the past he moves forward to factors such as heredity, physical conditions, diet, exercise, work and the passions and perturbations of the mind. It is doubtful if even the latest book on psychology can offer more complete descriptions of the effects of sorrow, fear, anger, hatred, envy and other negative mental states. Of those troubled by fear and insecurity he says: "They are afraid of tempests for their corn, they are afraid of their friends, lest they should ask something of them, beg or borrow; they are afraid of their enemies, lest they hurt them, thieves lest they rob them; they are afraid of war and afraid of peace, afraid of rich and afraid of poor, afraid of all." He pictures a condition of mind designated by some psychologists as floating anxiety, described by a man lying in bed who asked his wife whether she shut the trunks and chests tight, fastened the money box, whether the hall door be bolted; "and tho she say all is well, he riseth out of his bed in his shirt, bare foot and barelegged, to see whether it be so, with a dark lanthorn searching every corner, scarce sleeping a wink all night."

Love, Burton decided, is a species of melancholy in itself and the sections on Heroical Love are perhaps most significant to modern readers, foreshadowing the present literature of sex. Of the dominance of love in nature he observes, "In vegetal creatures what sovereignty Love hath by many pregnant proofs and familiar examples may be proved, especially of palm trees which are both he and she, and express not a sympathy but a love passion, as by many observations have been confirmed. Boughs live for love, and every flourishing tree in turn feels passion; palms nod mutual vows, poplar sighs to poplar, plane to plane, and alder murmurs to alder." So also is the happy love life of fishes, birds and beasts. But when we come to man, love is a tyranny for which Burton recommends labor, diet, physic and fasting. "Marriage," he declares, "is a bondage, a thraldom, a yoke, an hindrance to all good enterprise." This theory he exemplified by remaining a bachelor.

*The Anatomy of Melancholy,* with its biographical and bibliographical index, numbers more than one thousand pages. For most people, it is too long a journey for consecutive reading, but on the bit by bit plan it provides both entertainment and counsel. One piece of advice anticipates the modern technique of consulting psychology. This is, when troubled by fear or worry or some mental plague, do not bear the emotion alone—find a wise, fatherly, reverend and discreet person and tell him all about it. Psychology and psychologists were unknown to Burton but his own melancholy made him aware of the need for some systematized knowledge of the causes and cures of mental ills and this he endeavored to meet. His success was considerable, for college students today still read and study his quaint observations of man and his ways.

FLORENCE GUY SEABURY.

## Behind the Blurbs

HAVING knocked about the book world for a good many years, we have bumped up against all sorts of "selling" arguments and have listened to and taken part in various discussions of the psychology which lies behind bookselling. But the most modern and different method to be employed in selling books is that which is now being referred to as "panicking" the public into buying them through a direct appeal to mass psychology. This particular discussion was started by certain accusations made by Frank K. Notch in his book *King Mob.* Mr. Notch accuses certain publishers, Simon and Schuster in particular, of using the "panicking" method to promote the sale of their books. Mr. M. Lincoln Schuster of that firm addressed an open letter to Alfred Harcourt of Harcourt, Brace & Company, publishers of *King Mob,* in which he vigorously denies the accusation and in turn accuses Mr. Notch of basing his

## *The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf*

### *For Week-End Reading*

Detective: **The Square Mark,** by Grace M. White and H. L. Deakin: Dutton.
Novel: **The Return of the Hero,** by Darrell Figgis: Boni Paper Books.
History: **The Adams Family,** by James Truslow Adams: Little, Brown.
Miscellaneous: **Chaucer's Canterbury Tales,** modern English version by Frank E. Hill: Longmans.

## *The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books*

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

### Fiction

**The Scarab Murder Case,** by S. S. Van Dine: Scribner's. Good in spite of Philo Vance. Reviewed June 4.

**Chances,** by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown. A slight novel about two brothers in love with the same girl, with the War solving all problems. Reviewed June 11.

**The Shepherd of Guadaloupe,** by Zane Grey: Harper. Reviewed in this issue.

**The Selbys,** by Anne Green: Dutton. An American couple and their niece are the leading characters in a gay and witty story of Paris. Reviewed April 16.

**Cimarron,** by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran. Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.

### Non-Fiction

**The Adams Family,** by James Truslow Adams: Little, Brown. A noble and highly readable history of America's most distinguished family, especially of John Adams, John Quincy, Charles Francis and Henry. Reviewed June 18.

**The Story of San Michele,** by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor. Reviewed May 21.

**Strange Death of President Harding,** by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. Will not be reviewed here.

**Liberty,** by Everett Dean Martin: Norton—See article by John Bakeless in this issue.

**Green Pastures,** by Marc Connelly: Farrar & Rinehart. The white man's idea of the Negro's idea of heaven in a touching play developed from Roark Bradford's stories. Reviewed March 12.

## *Magazine Articles Recommended*

**The Morals of Birth Control,** by J. R. Earp, M.R.C.S. Plain Talk, June.

Whatever may be your opinions on the subject, you will have to admit, on reading this article, that the author does not obscure the issues involved. Briefly and concisely, he discusses the problem from theological, imperialistic, eugenical, and medical angles.

**Seeing by Telephone,** by Herbert Brucker. Review of Reviews, June.

All of us have read of recent successful television tests, but few laymen understand the principles on which the invention is based. Mr. Brucker explains the process in simple language and discusses its future. "Engineers and officials," he remarks, "say that television can be used between New York and London as well as between two buildings in New York. It requires no great strain on the imagination to see corporations installing such machinery in their offices. Nor does further simplification seem so impossible that one cannot envision a future television apparatus as much the part of the home as the vacuum cleaner."

**Linemen of the Sea,** by J. W. Von Stein. Scientific American, June.

Transatlantic cables are such a vital necessity today that their loss for any considerable length of time would seriously damage the worlds of Commerce and Finance. The rapidity, accuracy, and efficiency with which the crews of cable repair ships deal with accidents and replacements are described in Mr. Von Stein's article. These roving guardians of the cables lead dramatic lives and perform an invaluable and unappreciated service.

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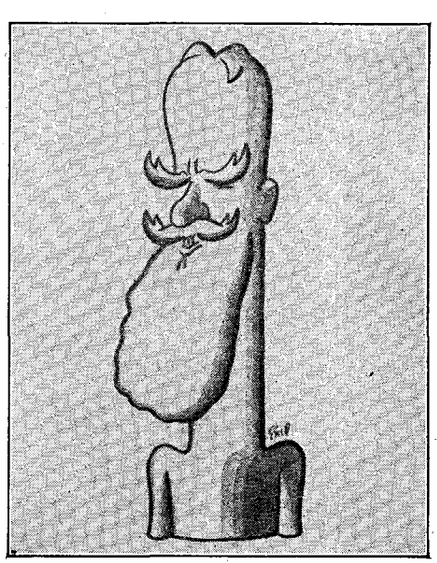
statements on guess work rather than facts. Taking Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy* as an example, as Mr. Notch also did, Mr. Schuster points out that the advance sale was only 768 copies, while 223,692 copies of the $5 edition were subsequently sold, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands later sold at $1. According to Mr. Schuster the "panic" for this book was started by Professor John Dewey and other readers who enjoyed and respected what they found in the book. Later the publishers took advantage of this so-called "panic," and helped it along by judicious advertising. Mr. Schuster maintains that a best seller cannot be made by simply "turning on the advertising spigot." *King Mob* was reviewed in the Outlook of May 14. ♣ ♣ ♣ George Bernard Shaw, who is now nearing his 73rd birthday, has been spending most of his time lately in preparing a collected edition of his own writings and he is beginning to be sick of the job. "It's holding up my other work," says he, "and it's a worrying task." This edition, which is being published by Constable, is to have 30 or so vols. which will sell at about a guinea each. The series will contain some of his hitherto unpublished works as well as many of the standard favorites. Among the unpublished works is an unfinished novel begun about 1888. This was discovered in MS. by his secretary two years ago, but Mr. Shaw himself was quite unable to recall it, though the handwriting proved it to be genuine. ♣ ♣ ♣ *All Quiet on the Western Front,* Remarque's celebrated War novel, still continues to sell and sell. The sale has now reached one million copies in Germany alone, and a grand total of nearly three million throughout the world. It is at present available in 29 languages. The German publishers celebrated the sale of one million copies of their edition by having a thousand copies done in Braille, for free distribution to the German war-blind. Remarque is now at work upon a second novel, a story of the adjustment of the soldier to post-war conditions. It will probably be published soon after the first of the year. ♣ ♣ ♣ Among recent sleuth books we find *Thirteen Men*[1] to be the amazing story of twelve men and what they do to the thirteenth. The first forty pages are completely plastered with murders executed by a slender young man called the "Phantom" who begins with the entire Knickerbocker family and maid, hops like the Irishman's flea to North Dakota, Indiana, Wisconsin and Chicago with a bag of eleven in that city running true to form and from there like Tennyson's Brook going on and on forever apparently. This curious book is full of macabre sort of gayety and has somewhat the effect of a rain of machine gun bullets on the reader. At least interest does not languish for lack of good red blood which flows freely and in the most expected places. ♣ ♣ ♣ In *The Square Mark*[2] the buried past rises up and smites the beautiful but mysterious Miss Gray, the Head of Bellingsford Court School who is arrested for the murder of Mr. Bradford whose body is found behind the shrubbery in the garden. Roger Tremayne, a newspaper man and crime expert, and "Tommy" to whom he is engaged, do some team sleuthing and find valuable clues from blades of grass and a peculiar square mark in the gravel path. Greening, the science mistress, in her rôle of Stormy Petrel bursts in at intervals with startling information. Mr. Yardley, in love with Miss Gray, De Smythe, Collins the butler, and the sinister Herbert Rogers form the chorus of suspects, assisted by a blood stained sword and a poisoned cup of coffee. The tale rolls along smoothly enough—safe reading for persons with weak hearts. ♣ ♣ ♣ The delightful illustrations on pages 306 and 307 of this issue are from *Thin Air*[3], an enchanting travel book by Constance Bridges. This young woman from New England together with her husband and an English friend crossed the Himalayas into Outer Tibet. Ahead of them had gone David Wendall, a rich American, on a strange quest. With Wendall's disappearance began a number of mysterious happenings and from then on the trip to Leh became the pursuit of mystery. Miss Bridges writes delightfully. Her descriptions of Leh, the Vale of Kashmir and all that enigmatic country that is shrouded by the towering heights of the Himalayas are compelling and exciting. It is her ability to suffuse her writing with the disquieting atmosphere of high altitudes that sets this far above the average travel piece. The book is greatly enhanced by Ronald Balfour's charming drawings.

BERNICE WHITTEMORE.



*BERNARD SHAW*
*From "Six Cartoons by Alfred Lowe," W. & J. Foyle, Ltd., London*

1. By Tiffany Thayer: Claude Kendall, $3.00.
2. By White and Deakin: Dutton, $2.00.
3. Brewer & Warren, $3.50.

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# The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

## "The Bad One"

DOLORES DEL RIO'S lovely, lithe figure—of which you see a good deal from time to time—and director Fitzmaurice's superlative photography make this movie of prison revolt pleasing to the eye, if nothing else. Edmund Lowe, the big he-man, stamps about as a seaman off an American freighter who undertakes to marry the virginal, lily-pure Miss Del Rio. While she is called *The Bad One*, you may rest assured that your Dolores and mine is nothing of the sort—for while she drinks and dances with the patrons in a cheap sailors' dive in Marseilles, our heroine preserves her amateur standing to the fullest extent of the gospel according to St. Hays. She gives each enthralled seaman a "key to her room," but they later discover that it won't fit the lock! Thus are we protected from the horrid facts of life.

If any of you boys out front are looking for a sweet little girl to darn socks and raise kiddies, I advise you to look in some water-front dive—preferably in South America, Port Said, Singapore or Marseilles. The girls may *look* attractive enough to be bad—but Hollywood assures us they are not. They are a merger of virtue and vice, retaining the best features of each.

Through a misadventure Mr. Lowe is sent to an island prison full of wise-cracking convicts where Miss Del Rio follows him. There is a big jailbreak and a riot in which a bridge is dynamited. *The Bad One* will fill an evening and that's about all it will do.

## "The Social Lion"

Comparisons may be unjust but this Jack Oakie we have been seeing lately is so superior to the cute William Haines that the question is settled as far as I am concerned. Both of these young gentlemen, you will recall, specialize in examples of preposterous conceit and unquenchable nerve. In *The Social Lion* Mr. Oakie does just as many impossible things as Mr. Haines does in his films, but instead of being disgusted and aggravated you are amused and charmed. Mr. Oakie smiles; he admits he is the best fighter in the world; he fancies himself as the greatest polo player in the world, and, eventually, as a wonderful song writer. There is something boyish and naïve in his moon-like freckled face which makes him irresistible. His humor is neither loud nor boisterous, but quiet and dry.

## "Cain and Artem"

While Chekov, Tolstoi and Turgenev celebrated the more genteel distempers which overtake a cultured mind forced to live in a mundane world, Gorki, the man of the people, concerns himself with the filth, brutality and hopelessness of the small Russian town. Consequently his story *Cain and Artem* is one to appeal strongly to the post revolutionary cinematographers.

To American audiences these amazingly vital photographs of a dirty and bestial civilization may be revolting or trying, but none of us can fail to be carried away by the speed and dramatic power of this Soviet director's pictures. The story—a little long drawn out as we see things—concerns a great hulk of a longshoreman, the wife of a fishmonger and her husband. Cruel and almost savage, the big fellow is brought to an understanding of how they can "get out of all this" by reading some forbidden books smuggled in by a Jew. Whatever else it is, the film is vitally alive, it moves, and it gives a vivid picture of the miserable conditions in the old Russia.

## Queen Marie's Flowers

In the latest Fox newsreel King Carol talks at length about the political future while Queen Marie—oddly enough—talks exclusively and extensively about the various flowers which grow in the palace gardens. These she shows in great detail to the little Prince Michael, who seems rather politely bored with it all. Perhaps he saw some flowers before somewhere.

### Worth Seeing

**All Quiet on the Western Front:** The war novel brought to the screen without any Hollywooden concessions. A fine and honest piece of work.

**The Big Pond:** Maurice Chevalier as a light comedian—as charming as ever.

**The Florodora Girl:** Amusing foolishness about the gay 1900's with Marion Davies as one of the famous sextet.

**Journey's End:** The war as encountered by some well-bred British officers. A faithful transcript of the play.

**The Man From Blankley's:** John Barrymore in a quaint and slightly crazy comedy which might have been taken from Dickens.

**The Silent Enemy:** Ojibway Indians and wild animals fighting for life in the northwest.

**Shadow of the Law:** William Powell is excellent as an escaped convict but the story has some bad lapses.

### Not So Good

**One Romantic Night:** Lillian Gish's first talkie. Miss Gish is charming, but the rest of the cast and story are unusually stupid.

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## ▶▶In This Issue◀◀

This week's leading article "Voltaire from Kansas," appearing in place of JOHANN SMERTENKO'S "Noises on the Air," originally announced, is by LOUIS ADAMIC, a frequent contributor to the magazines and formerly a writer for E. Haldeman-Julius. Mr. Smertenko's article will appear in a forthcoming issue.

"Georgia Drinks with Decorum," by MRS. WILLIE SNOW ETHRIDGE, has been substituted for HARRY SALPETER'S "Irving Babbitt: Calvinist," which will also appear shortly. Mrs. Ethridge is a resident of Georgia. Mr. Ethridge is editor of the Macon *Telegraph*.

HIRAM MOTHERWELL has been a European correspondent at Bucharest and other capitals. He is now editor of the *Theatre Guild Magazine*.

STOYAN CHRISTOWE is a frequent contributor to the Outlook and Independent. Among his latest contributions are "Kyotchek" and "My Friend Liberty."

## ▶▶Next Week◀◀

**The Little Giant,** by Jonathan Mitchell.

Although Dwight W. Morrow has indicated that he will not be a candidate for the Presidency in 1932, Mr. Hoover's refusal to support Mr. Morrow in the New Jersey Senatorial Primary would indicate that the President may have his misgivings. Mr. Morrow's speech advocating repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment has at any rate served to place him in the spotlight. The courage he showed in taking such an uncompromising stand may well turn out to be excellent "politics." Mr. Mitchell describes the career and personality of the man who, among other things, is also "the most famous father-in-law in the world!"

**Antisaccharites and Others,** by J. W. Emerson.

In the welter that attends the discussion of prohibition it is well to remember that there is nothing new under the sun. The familiar arguments that do daily service against the use of alcohol have all been used before and not only against alcohol, but also against tobacco, tea, coffee and sugar. The latter—believe it or not—was once regarded as an "evil" and a "destroyer," conducive to tuberculosis and scurvy. Arguments justifying its use were obviously the propaganda of the "sugar interests." That history repeats itself is, however, best demonstrated by the attempt to prohibit the drinking of coffee in Constantinople in the late sixteenth century. At the instigation of the priests, all the coffee houses were closed and the police empowered to prevent coffee drinking. "Yet," Mr. Emerson quotes, "notwithstanding the rigour that was employed . . . they could not prevent the drinking of coffee in private. . . At last, the officers of the police, feeling there was no remedy, were content for a certain sum, to permit it to be sold in private houses, shutting up the doors, or in the back shops."

**Joey Jacobs, World's Champion,** by Katherine Brush.

The cauliflower industry—to use Mr. McGeehan's phrase—has fallen upon parlous times. Even before the death of Tex Rickard the decline had set in. From the Battle of Slightly-Less-than-Three-Millions at Chicago, through the Battle-of-What-of-It? at Miami, to the fiasco of June 12 at New York as a result of which Max Schmeling succeeded to the toga of John Sullivan, the once well ballyhooed boxing business has gone steadily downhill. Miss Brush, who has witnessed many recent prize fights, describes the most recent battle. Its real victor, she claims, was not Max Schmeling, but his manager, Joey Jacobs.

**Chinese on the Campus,** by W. Lock Wei.

In view of the fact that the annual imports and exports between China and the United States amount to some three hundred million gold dollars, improved mutual understanding should benefit both countries. That China is endeavoring to master Western thought and customs is indicated by the number of Chinese students attending American universities. The author, who has attended two American colleges as graduate student, explains some of the problems of the Chinese student.

# ▶▶ From the Life ◀◀

### By IBBY HALL

## ▶▶The Geraniun

THIS COUNTRY, strange and quick with a sharp energy, was nothing like her own Spain where she had been born. The flowers—take only the flowers. At home they were of the air, the earth, the beating of the heart. Here, they pushed up through the ground, smelled sweet and were sold in shops; some brought five cents apiece, others as much as a dollar. Flowers!

Yet one could not live without flowers. The more noise and stone outside, the softer and quieter a small room would be for flowers in it. They said things for which there were no words, not even in her own tongue.

The day her neighbor came to see her she had looked at the flowers in the small room and sighed. It was plain that her neighbor was thinking of that one who had died, and whom she had so little time to visit. "There is so much work to be done for the living," had said the neighbor, "that the dead have not even what belongs to them. Not even a flower—"

So it was simple to understand how she herself was making this journey to a strange cemetery for her friend. She sat carefully on the swinging subway train, guarding her flowers. For once, she had as many of them as her arms could hold, since the neighbor had bought flowers and she herself had bought some, and then at the last minute she had taken those that stood about her room—for surely they would still live in that place out of doors.

When she reached it at last, and had walked through the great arched gate, she felt quite overcome for a few moments. The day was hot, the underground train had made a great noise and commotion, behind her in the city was a bustle and confusion of many people; yet here in this green stillness lay the quiet dead. This was their city; and though their faces were hidden, they seemed to speak a language of silence that she could understand. Even the living spoke a wordless language here, covering the beds with green and spreading flowers. She walked along the paths only a few minutes before she could recognize those that were remembered and loved. Her own flowers were growing heavy; where was she to lay them down?

She stopped suddenly and looked down at a grave that was quite bare. Not a blade of grass was on it, not a flower. Had no one loved that person? To step into a new world—to lie alone in a strange city—and not even a remembered flower for comfort? She stumbled away from it hurriedly; she must find the one that she was looking for. Had she not learned by heart which way the mound pointed—the name by which she was to know it—the direction of the path? Afterwards . . . .

But afterwards, a long time, and she had not found the grave that she was looking for. She had trudged through all the pathways, had turned here and there, had tried to read—not understanding—the strange names, and finally had forgotten what she must do next. The flowers in her arms were as heavy as a child, and all she could remember now was that one bare and desolate grave. By an unseen circle she had come back to it again. The sun was low in the sky—she must be hurrying home—and she dropped suddenly to her knees and began covering the untended mound of earth with all her flowers.

One by one she laid them down, or pressed them under the surface—if only she had water, if she might only plant them there and they could live! Upon the next grave flowers were growing and blooming; those would live a long time. That was right.

There was one growing flower, a pink geranium, that was not exactly upon that other grave, but was growing halfway between. Almost as though it were trying to reach over. In this place, where all were alike, would it not be all right to move the flower a little? So that it might hang above this grave where soon these others would be gone? Her cotton gloves were lying on the ground. It was easy enough to press her fingers into the earth, under the roots, and lift the growing geranium. Easy enough to make a new bed for it and leave it in this strange place beside some one she had never seen.

But as she finished planting it a voice screamed suddenly behind her. Her startled eyes turned to meet the angry ones of another woman.

"What are you doing?" cried the voice sharply. "You are a thief! You have stolen that flower from the grave of my relative. You are a thief! Do you understand? I shall hand you over at once to a policeman."

And a few minutes later, she found herself passing once more through the great arched gateway, into noise and confusion; a foreigner, under arrest.

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# Margaret Matzenauer

*By* PITTS SANBORN

HERE is a singer who is also a musician. This blunt statement might surprise readers accustomed to view the musical racket casually from the outside. But to those who know the game it sounds natural enough, if unusual. As a matter of fact, the singer able to qualify in the strict and deep sense as a musician is a rare bird. A man or woman may arrive at maturity with a God-given voice and a defective musical sense. The extreme example occurs in fiction. Du Maurier endowed Trilby with an incomparable voice. If Patti and Alboni were dispensers of vocal apples—the very best of apples, be it understood—Trilby's stock in trade consisted of peaches and nectarines. But without the hypnotic influence of Svengali this super-crop would have withered upon an embittered air. Actually no such extreme case as Trilby's has been recorded. Nevertheless, among the most eminent of singers there have been not a few who were quite incapable of mastering a simple song by themselves. Note by note and phrase by phrase it has had to be driven into their ears and brain. Sometimes they haven't even known their do-re-mi. The exact antithesis of these is Margaret Matzenauer.

Upon this woman nature lavished voice; nor did the generous mother stop there. She also bestowed upon her an acute musical faculty, which has been educated and trained. As a result Margaret Matzenauer is that almost unique phenomenon, an opera singer who can sit down at the piano and learn by herself any part that she is called upon to sing. Without benefit of Svengali or other coach she becomes the possessor of her rôle, and once imbedded in her brain, there it stays. Her first appearance on any stage in the peculiarly intricate and exacting part of Kundry in *Parsifal* is a revealing instance. On New Year's Eve she was notified that Mme. Fremstad was ill and that without a single rehearsal she should have to replace the distinguished singing-actress in the *Parsifal* matinée scheduled for New Year's Day at one p.m. Nevertheless and with no misgivings, she participated in a festivity that saw the old year out and the new year in. About one a.m. another guest couldn't withstand the temptation of asking her if she didn't feel the least bit nervous over the impending ordeal.

"Of course not," she answered simply.

"But," her interlocutor went on, "in twelve hours you'll be doing your first Kundry! I should think you would be so excited you wouldn't get a wink of sleep tonight!"

"Why shouldn't I sleep? I know my part." The unintended arrogance of her reply he never forgot. The musician had spoken.

Margaret Matzenauer became a great star of the American firmament only after considerable vicissitudes. She was born in Hungary, she studied singing at Graz and at Berlin, and her operatic début took place at Strasbourg as Puck in *Oberon*—scarcely the character one would associate with her imposing stature and Junoesque presence. However, at that time the "ox-eyed Margaret" was very young. From 1904 to 1911 she lived at Munich, being engaged there as a leading contralto of the Court Opera, whence the rumor of her exceptional voice was already traveling far. In the summer of 1911 she sang Flosshilde, Waltraute, and a Norn in the "Ring" at Bayreuth. On November 13 of that year, the opening night of our own Metropolitan season, she successfully made her American début as Amneris in *Aïda,* and season after season she continued a member of the Metropolitan company, singing in Italian, German, French and English, until last spring, when she retired from opera, at least temporarily, to devote herself to concert work, in which her success has been no less noteworthy.

Wide World

*The "ox-eyed Margaret"*

In her Munich days Mme. Matzenauer


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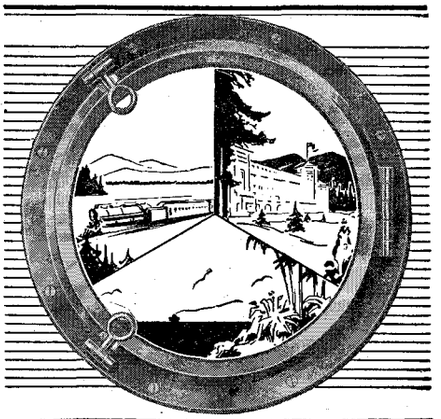

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had already sung several rôles of the soprano repertory, like Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni,* Dorabella in *Così fan tutte,* and Mignon. And she came to the Metropolitan just at a time when certain distinguished contraltos, tired of impersonating either the withered hags or the evil temptresses to whom composers have for the most part condemned low-voiced women, were transforming themselves into sopranos, with their ampler field of choice. For instance, a leading *Hochdramatische* of Germany was that American ex-contralto, Edyth Walker, and another American ex-contralto, Olive Fremstad, was the reigning Wagnerian soprano of the Metropolitan company. Mme. Matzenauer's exceptional vocal range, of nearly, if not quite, three octaves, made this transition feasible, and she signalized it by appearing triumphantly as a guest artist at Boston in the rôle of Isolde, along with her second husband, the Italian tenor, Ferrari-Fontana, as Tristan, thus not only fulfilling in magnificent fashion her soprano ambition, but continuing a connubial tradition for Wagner's supreme love drama, which had begun with the original Tristan and Isolde of Herr and Frau Schnorr von Carolsfeld and had included, conspicuously, the Vogl couple and Lilli Lehmann and Paul Kalisch.

Mme. Matzenauer did not, however, give up her contralto parts, and you found her singing one week Wagner's deepest contralto rôle, Erda in *Siegfried,* and another week his highest soprano rôle, Brünnhilde, in the same opera. Lilli Lehmann on at least one occasion sang both the Forest Bird (the chantress originally appointed to the unseen task having fallen ill) and Brünnhilde in the same performance of *Siegfried.* Mme. Matzenauer might conceivably have gone her one better and been the Bird, the Erda, and the Brünnhilde of a single night. Latterly, however, she has reverted to her native calling of contralto, and in her concert work has given her hearers particular joy by reason not only of her superior musicianship and her warmth of feeling, but also through the sumptuous beauty of her grave cathedral tones.

## King Carol of Rumania

*(Continued from Page 293)*

sation of profound disgust with politics and a desire to forget about it all. At all events he telegraphed to the Bucharest junk-dealer's daughter, Magda Lupescu, to join him. Not kingly! But thoroughly human, or, if you prefer, Rumanian.

The legend was now ripe. Carol, the profligate, the deserter, and (gossip!) the grafter. Bratianu, passionately seconded by Queen Marie, urged upon Ferdinand the decree of banishment. Carol received it by special messenger in Venice on January 4, 1926, along with a form of abdication, which he signed.

As heir apparent, the King named Carol's infant son by Helen, Michael. He was to rule, after Ferdinand's death, through a regency consisting of the chief justice of the supreme court, the head of the Orthodox Church, and Prince Nicholas, Carol's younger brother. From this regency Queen Marie was excluded. Marie was already so deeply involved in Rumanian politics that her presence on a committee supposed to rule impersonally on behalf of the nation was impossible.

The fourth act of this drama, like most fourth acts of the classic theatre, was concerned mainly with civil strife, the principal characters remaining mostly in the background. King Ferdinand and Premier Bratianu died. The Liberal régime was swept away in a bloodless revolution which carried the Nationalist-Peasant party into power. The Regency continued to function. But it was not satisfactory. In the Rumanian system no committee can be a satisfactory substitute for a king.

There was no king conceivable save Carol. The army had never ceased to love him. The new political régime needed some one on the throne who was not definitely attached to the Bratianu group. The mass of the people liked Carol for his very frailties. He was a gay dog, no doubt. But in Bucharest, every dog of good breeding must be gay. At least, the new king would be no stuffed toga.

The difficulty was still Marie. The veto of her son Nicholas on the Regency would be sufficient to prevent Carol's return, short of a new revolution. But Nicholas, growing into manhood, also turned against Marie. When Marie left the country on a political errand a fortnight ago, he sent a private message to Carol to return immediately by airplane.

Carol hired a French plane and flew to the Rumanian border. There a Rumanian army machine met him and brought him to Bucharest. The army was for him to a man. The populace cheered themselves hoarse. Parliament annulled the decree of banishment and the instrument of abdication with but a single dissenting vote.

It was that of Vintila Bratianu, brother of the former premier and one-time "perpetual" finance minister of Rumania. The vendetta of the family which put the House of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen on the throne and expected it to prove its gratitude by perpetual obedience, is not assuaged.

Carol set several conditions for his return. They have not been published, but they boil down to one: That if he is to be king, he shall be king. A new generation of Rumanians has accepted that condition.

There is one condition, however, which he could not set in advance. That concerned his future relations with his wife, Helen. Under Rumanian law, Crown Prince Michael belongs to him. And it appears certain that Helen will accept her destiny and become in fact, as she is in law, Queen of Rumania.

It is questioned, nowadays, whether kings have any place in the modern world. Perhaps they have not. But if there are to be kings, it is well that they should be kings of flesh and blood, not abstractions of formula or puppets in ermine robes. Carol II has shown his faults, but the faults which really got him into trouble are those which most of us admire—loyalty to the wife of his choice and loyalty to the duty which he was called upon to fulfill.

## Voltaire from Kansas

*(Continued from Page 285)*

year; and his catalogs since then—the last one contains close to 1700 titles—have been authentic inventories of the masses' tastes and interests. In numerous instances, though, Haldeman-Julius has tricked the "voters" into "voting" for unpopular books by changing the titles.

The most popular titles in "the democracy of books" are those dealing with the various phases of sex and love. Such titles are *What Married Women Should Know, What Every Young Man Should Know, Woman's Sexual Life, Man's Sexual Life, Plain Talks with the Married, Modern Aspects of Birth Control, The Art of Kissing, How to Love, Catholicism and Sex, Prostitution in the Modern World, Prostitution in the Ancient World, One of Cleopatra's Nights, Boccacio's Tales,* and Oscar Wilde's *The Harlot's House and Other Poems.* They sell anywhere from 40,000 to 130,000 copies a year. This indicates, says Haldeman-Julius, that "American readers . . . are not afraid of sex;" in fact, that their interest in sex is greater than in anything else under the sun.

The "self-improvement" and "success" books come next in order of democratic popularity. *Success Easier Than Failure, The Secret of Self-Improvement, Hints on Self-Improvement, 100 Best Books to Read, How to Improve Your Conversation, How to Improve*

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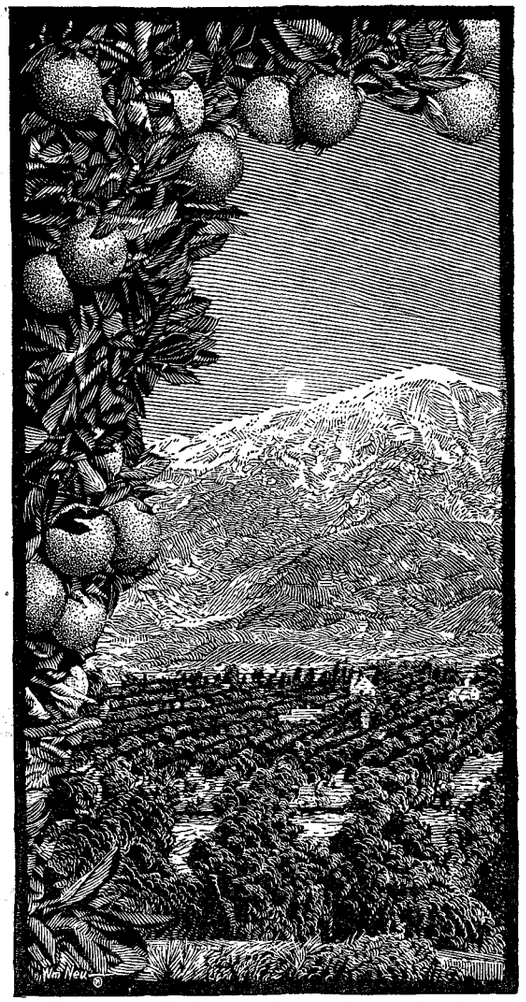
*Your Vocabulary, How to Write Letters, Hints on Public Speaking, Short-Story Writing for Beginners, How to Write Advertising, How to Write Movie Scenarios, How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself, The Puzzle of Personality, Eating for Health, How to Teach Yourself to Swim, How to Tie All Kinds of Knots, The Charming Hostess: How to Entertain,* and *How Wall Street Works* sell from twenty to seventy-seven thousand a year. Most of them are drivel, pure and simple, and the average man or woman who buys them would do better to walk in the sun than read them.

Next come the "humor" books—*Popular Jokebook, Best Jokes of 1926, Best College Humor, Masterpieces of American Humor, Best Jewish (Negro, Irish, Scotch and Yankee) Jokes, Best Jokes About Doctors (Preachers and Lawyers), Best Jokes About Married Life (Lovers, Kissing and Drunks), Best Hobo (Ford and Rube) Jokes, Humor of Abraham Lincoln,* and the works of Jerome K. Jerome, Mark Twain, Stephen Leacock, Bill Nye, Josh Billings, Petroleum V. Nasby and Artemus Ward. Very popular also are the so-called "fun" books—*Crossword Puzzles, What Do You Know?—Who, When, Where, What?—Ask Me Another!—Book of 500 Riddles, Mathematical Oddities, Puzzles and Brain-teasers, Party Games for Grown-Ups, Amateur Magic Tricks, and Children's Game*—all selling by the tens of thousands.

But the big pride of Haldeman-Julius' life are his "freethought" propaganda books. He is a rationalist, skeptic, agnostic, heretic. "I have been accused," he says, "of saturating the series with skeptical books because I wish to print propaganda that agreed with my own notions, and thus convert every one to my own way of thinking." He admits that this accusation is true, but adds that he would not print freethought titles if there were not tens of thousands of people to buy them. They sell well. He informs me that he has sold over 5,000,000 copies of Joseph McCabe's fifty-odd pamphlets, the most popular of which are *My Twelve Years in a Monastery, Seven Infidel U. S. Presidents, Horrors of the Inquisition, Absurdities of Christian Science, The Jesuits: Religious Rogues, Lies of Religious Literature, Pagan Christs Before Jesus, The Conflict Between Science and Religion, The Myth of Immortality, Religion's Failure to Combat Crime, The Futility of Belief in God,* and *The Fraud of Spiritualism.* They sell from 13,000 to 46,000 each annually. Other popular anti-religious titles

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are *Did Jesus Ever Live?* (showing that he didn't), *Self-Contradictions of the Bible, Reasons for Doubting the Bible, Forgery of the Old Testament, The Myth of Resurrection,* Thomas Paine's *Age of Reason, Paine's Revolt Against the Bible, Why I Am an Infidel* by Luther Burbank, Voltaire's *Skeptical Essays,* and Rupert Hughes' *Ghastly Purposes of the Parables.* Burbank's book sells over 60,000 a year.

Next in point of satisfaction that Haldeman-Julius derives in selling the "Little Blue Books," aside from profit, are the classics and the books on philosophy. He sells over 100,000 copies of Shakespeare's plays every year; about 60,000 of Ibsen's and as many of the Greek plays and dialogues. Philosophical treatises and essays about the philosophers "go big," Nietzcshe commanding most interest.

But in several cases, to sell the classics, he has had to "rejuvenate" them—that is, alter the context of the stories or essays, or give them new titles that are more likely to appeal to the "Little Blue Book" readers than are those bestowed upon them by their authors. His new titles are nearly always suggestive of sex or success, and the result is that the books frequently leap into the best-seller class. In this connection, Haldeman-Julius exults in his courage. No publisher of reprints before him has dared, for instance, to change De Maupassant's story *The Tallow Ball* to *A French Prostitute's Sacrifice.* Haldeman-Julius had reprinted it first under the author's title and it sold only a few thousand a year; under the new title it immediately jumped to 54,700 a year, ahead even of *Love and Other Stories* and *Mademoiselle Fifi,* by the same author.

The title is a very important part of a "Little Blue Book." Theophile Gautier's *Fleece of Gold* sold only 8000 copies a year before 1925. "This amazed me," says Haldeman-Julius; "in fact, it nearly floored me. There were two good reasons why this book should be a top-notch seller. First, the author was a Frenchman—American readers have a 'weakness' for tales by French authors. Second, it is an excellent story, full of love interest and everything that should place it high among the stories of love and sex. But a moment's consideration shows at once what is wrong. What could 'fleece of gold' mean to any one who had never heard of Gautier or his story before? Little, if anything. . . A happy thought brought this title to mind: *The Quest for a Blonde Mistress,* exactly the sort of story it is." In 1926 the sales were 50,000!

Other examples of Haldeman-Julius' "happy thoughts" are Victor Hugo's *The King Enjoys Himself,* which sold only 8000 and jumped to 38,000 a year when he re-named it *The Lustful King Enjoys Himself;* and Zorilla's *None Beneath the King,* which went from 6000 to 34,000 a year when he changed the title to *None Beneath the King Shall Enjoy This Woman!* Also, books entitled *The Life of Casanova* and *The Life of George Sand* are far less popular than when he changes them to *Casanova, History's Greatest Lover* and *The Love-Life of a Frenchwoman.* Marcet Haldeman-Julius wrote a Little Blue Book entitled *What the Editor's Wife Is Thinking About;* it sold only 1000 a year, until E. Haldeman-Julius changed it to *Marcet Haldeman-Julius' Intimate Notes on Her Husband,* and then it began to sell 16,000 a year—no doubt because the new title suggested that his wife was revealing the intimacies of their life.

More than half of the "Little Blue Books" are now specially written for the series (the others being reprints), and in *The First Hundred Million* Haldeman-Julius boasts of his pleasant relationship with his authors. It may be pleasant from his angle, but I doubt that the pleasure is shared by his authors. From the viewpoint of the author, Haldeman-Julius conducts a literary sweatshop. I know personally of the case of a writer in California who has written over twenty "Little Blue Books," for some of which he received $50 apiece and for others no payment in cash.

Often he pays as little as ten dollars for a manuscript; then spends hundreds of dollars advertising it in national publications. He has boasted that nobody gets the best of him. So far as I know, the only writers on his list who are a match for him in regard to rates are Joseph McCabe and Clarence Darrow, one of the smartest lawyers in the country.

E. Haldeman-Julius cannot get away from the old *Appeal to Reason* editorial and business traditions; he was raised in them. It is perfectly natural for him to sell the same books two or three times to the same customers under different titles. He sits in the same chair from which Wayland, of the *Appeal,* conducted his great and profitable "movements."

And yet, despite the democratization of the "Little Blue Books" there still remain a great many titles of high merit in the series. I will readily agree that the "Little Blue Books" are sold in great quantities to persons of real culture and persons with a decent desire to read the best in print. I'll grant, too, that among persons of motives less good, Haldeman-Julius has improved many a mind, and that a certain opportunism is absolutely necessary on his part to achieve any of the spreading of enlightenment that he actually does achieve.

## *Through a Glass Darkly*

**From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of June 21, 1950**

In an article in the Forum-Scribner-Harper Magazine Doug Fairbanks lamented the "simple old days when it was possible to produce a satisfactory motion picture for $2,000,000."

The discovery and isolation of Vitamin Q, series B, was announced today by Dr. Metchnipopoff of the Rockefeller Institute. The new vitamin is expected to be of great assistance in curing straddleritis in candidates for political office.

King Prodigo II of Recidiva—who has been visiting friends in Paris for the past nine years—returned this week to his kingdom, deposed his 10 year old son, and resumed the throne. "What our beloved country needs more than ever," declared the leader of the defeated Liberal party, "is to be dekinged."

A young man wearing a Knox hat and smoking a Lucky Strike cigarette, was heard by a writer for the Outlook to remark as he took a Kodak of his wife smoking a Camel and wearing two Tiffany rings, seated in their Buick car, "Advertisements have no effect on us. We never read them."

## Despotism of the Mob

*(Continued from Page 304)*

that the chief end of man is to improve his material condition."

Mr. Martin fears also the professional reformer's naïve faith that "the way to make men good is to deprive all of them of moral responsibility," thereby actually making genuine morality forever impossible. He points out sadly that Americans are not by nature a liberty-loving people, since from the beginning "it has been the hope of material advancement rather than the love of liberty which has drawn most immigrants to America." And he is especially concerned at the probability that propaganda will develop, until all real power will rest in the hands of a few masters of publicity—an idea developed a year or two ago in one of André Maurois' bits of fantasy. If that happens the mass will have voluntarily abdicated in favor

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of the oligarchies which it dethroned at the end of the eighteenth century! But they will be oligarchies of the worst rather than oligarchies of the best.

All this enhances an intolerance which is fatal to liberty, since "the propagandist strives for conviction, the closed mind, and action which will be to the advantage of his client.

Yet with all these obstacles to freedom clearly in mind, Mr. Martin declines the rôle of modern Jeremiah. Such prospects for the future of liberty as he foresees are by no means radiant. From the careless mass there is nothing to hope, either now or in the future. "They go through life with a little boy's ideas of religion, morality, patriotism, and liberty. Because such ideas are emotionally satisfying, they are scandalized at anything which would introduce them to the grown-up world. The moment they step out of the family circle, they set up the crowd and its institutions in place of the parent images, and assume all their lives a filial attitude toward these agencies of control. Conceiving of liberty, then, as furtiveness, or as rebellion, they become suspicious of the freedom of anybody and are easy subjects for the propagandists of illiberalism."

The only hope that Mr. Martin can hold out is that the friends of liberty will keep up their age-old fight. In the past, he finds "every hard-won liberty gained at frightful cost and retained only with tireless vigilance." There has been a "ceaseless psychological class-struggle between the mentally mature and those who have never grown up." Apparently Mr. Martin expects this struggle to continue—not wholly without avail, though without prospect of transforming the sodden masses that oppose it. He fails to face the question: Why, if the superior classes are genuinely superior, are they not able eventually to assert their power, even in the face of the numbers of the mass against them?

But it is difficult to sit in judgment on such a book. With Mr. Martin's main thesis, it is, alas! impossible to differ. In detail, there is occasional room for minor criticism. Mr. Martin has a bad habit of saying, "I believe" instead of digging out the facts that he needs if he is genuinely to support his thesis.

He says that it is wrong "that the thinking people in the community, and those capable of self-government, must not be permitted themselves to enjoy any degree of freedom which fools and evil men might abuse. This is so plausible that it seems true. But one wonders whether a liberal of Mr. Martin's type realizes that this is the Spartan and Prussian theory that men are not equal before the law? And one wonders also what infallible touchstone he has that enables him to distinguish between these classes. Every fool will proclaim himself a wise man. Real wise men are not so sure.

More serious is the criticism that although Mr. Martin has brilliantly set forth the perils to which liberty is subject, he suggests no real remedy against them. To which one can only reply, as Mr. Martin would doubtless himself reply, that there is no real remedy save the continuance of the good fight by "the few who have attained the life of reason." They are a minority now as they always have been and quite probably always will be. But they are a minority which is better equipped than most to take care of itself, though apparently not well enough equipped to transform the state, as Plato hoped his philosopher-king might do.

## Georgia Drinks with Decorum

*(Continued from Page 288)*

Smith. They enjoyed the reputation of making the best corn in these parts. Hosts boasted that they were serving "Joe Blake whiskey" or "Frank Smith whiskey" with the same pride men used to brag they were pouring Gordon Gin and Haig & Haig. Mr. Smith, who is a member of one of the oldest and finest families in the state, and Mr. Blake, a gracious, kindly gentleman with an open countenance, claim that the hosts who still boast of serving their make are simply bragging. (I am using, of course, fictitious names.)

Nevertheless, last year the revenuers raided a 500 gallon still two miles from Mr. Blake's house and confiscated more than 175 gallons of whiskey, 1,200 gallons of beer and 1,200 pounds of sugar. Mr. Blake was arraigned for violating the Eighteenth Amendment. The trial, which lasted for a week, caused more excitement than a mayoralty race. The defendant's fame as a moonshiner had spread before him and the large court room was packed with people and the newspapers filled with front page stories.

A dozen witnesses reluctantly admitted that they had worked for Mr. Blake at the still, and one witness declared he had been hired as a lookout with orders to shoot twice if he saw officers coming. But no one came forward to testify that they bought his whiskey. Near the end of the drama, the defendant took the stand and admitted frankly that he had manufactured and sold whiskey—"the very best in the county"—to the most prominent lawyers, doctors and business men, but had stopped three years prior to his indictment.

When the case finally went to the jury the government was confident of a conviction. The scofflaws shook their heads in dread of the verdict. Even Mr. Blake's lawyers approached the judge to ascertain whether he was inclined to impose a fine or a straight jail sentence.

So it was like a cyclone descending upon the court room when the jury announced: "Not guilty." How the verdict was arrived at, nobody knows. "Too many people drank his liquor to jail him," some said; but others argued that the jury did not approve of the government's chief witness, a Klansman, who tipped the officers off to the location of the still. Whatever the reason, Joe Blake went free and lovers of good corn rejoiced.

Frank Smith pleaded guilty when he was arrested about a year and a half ago; but asked the judge to be lenient because his health was bad. He received a two-year parole sentence. He and his attractive family are now living in a charming two-story, white clapboard house in the best of all neighborhoods.

Though it is around these two gentlemen that other gentlemen weave their liquor yarns, they fill only half of our home-drinking tapestry. Ninety per cent of our bootleggers are Negroes, mostly women, who buy a gallon or two of corn directly from the white moonshiner and retail it by the glass and half pint. These Negroes journey regularly to the country, visit the moonshiner's gopher—the liquor's hiding place—and return with their week's supply.

Some of them are stopped by the sheriff's force, who specializes in Negro bootleggers; but their loads are not always detected. They hide their goods in every conceivable way. Sometimes they remove all the springs in the seats and pack the whiskey beneath the upholstering. Often they build a long trough beneath the car in the shadow of the splatter boards. Then again, they bring it in beneath loads of lumber, water melons, sweet potatoes, turnip greens and charcoal.

Most of this corn is sold in the Negro cabins that line the alleys in our residential sections. Often it is dispensed by the tin dipper full at twenty-five cents a dipper; but to a splurging darky or white man a "shorty" is sold for $1.50. A "pour-out man," the title given the colored brother or sister who presides over the wash-stand pitcher that holds the corn, sits in a back room with all the windows and doors, excepting the one leading from the front room, securely barred. In throwing distance of him is a tub of creolin water.

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On the rickety front porch rocks the lookout man. He keeps a keen eye sharpened for suspicious looking characters that might be members of the federal, police, or sheriff's force. When he spots such a person, he signals to the pour-out man. With the agility of a short-stop, the pour-out man dashes the pitcher and all its fiery contents into the tub of creolin water. By the time the officers arrive at the back room, every drop of evidence has been obliterated.

The lookout man now and then mistakes officers for friends and when the pour-out man discovers differently it is too late to save himself or destroy his corn. On May 19, at the last term of federal court, a Negro bootlegger was sentenced to serve nine months in the Bibb County jail for selling a prohibition agent and two so-called informers nine glasses of booze. According to the testimony, the revenuers quaffed three glasses each as they joked and laughed with their gullible host. The officers explained that the drinking was necessary because the defendant sold his whiskey by the glass.

Negro women have been more successful in their bootlegging business than men. One woman, recently convicted, made $34,000 bootlegging, an almost unheard of amount for a Negro to possess in our section of the country.

Though we hold steadfast to the belief that liquor's place is in the home, a few small stores, with $50 worth of groceries and a keg of corn, do a fairly brisk business. One man arrested here ran a fruit stand, but displayed a chicken coop with one old hen in the rear of his establishment. A customer would phone and order a "broiler" and out he would go with the hen in the crook of his arm and a pint tucked beneath it. "A fryer" meant a quart and an "old hen," a gallon.

Besides, there are a goodly number of petty bootleggers hovering around down town alley entrances; but they constitute the vulgar flaw and flaring crudity in our beautiful fabric of home drinking. We may be scofflaws, but when we break a law we do it, not with the brazen defiance of bawdy Chicago, but with due regard to the finest traditions of delicacy and of hospitality of the Old South.

## Ex-Patriot

*(Continued from Page 291)*

der to the door. At the first stop, however, some twenty miles from Shelby, no Kobur showed up. A search revealed nothing of him. His clothes, his shoes, were near his bed, just as he had taken them off in the evening, except for the disarrangement resulting from the crash. He had then, we concluded, been left in the yards at Shelby in the middle of night, in slippers and pajamas, like a somnambulist, and with an ax in his hands, like a madman.

There was unusual excitement among the men. A few said that Kobur would be taken for a maniac and locked up in jail; others, that he would have sense enough to go to the station agent and explain his plight. Yet there was nothing we could do. The engine puffed again and our village clanged on the rails in the direction of Haver.

We arrived there in the morning and had breakfast, but refused to go to work until the foreman showed us a wire from the station agent at Shelby stating that nothing untoward had happened to our man and that he would be put on the first passenger train from the West.

That afternoon Kobur arrived on the "skidoo." He was dressed in blue overalls and a working jacket of the same color. His pajamas he carried wrapped in a bundle under his arm. He looked like a ship without rudder or compass blown to the shore by a tempest. What experiences he went through in the night, how he obtained the clothing he was wearing, he would divulge to no one, not even to me. His only expressions were threats and damnations against the engineer, who was nowhere around. Kobur felt himself the most wronged man in the world. He knew that that America in which he believed would not stand for this and that there was some power in this country which would readily rectify the wrong done him. But he was helpless, like a child. The foreman laughed at his pleas for redress, and even some of us, co-workers and compatriots of his, seeing that after all no harm had come to him, permitted ourselves to chuckle over his unhappy experience.

As a final resort Kobur came to me. After confiding to me that the clothes he was wearing he had obtained from the section foreman at Shelby, who happened to be a Greek, and with whom Kobur, knowing Greek, could converse in his own tongue, he urged me to do something for him, to write a letter to Washington, to the President of the United States, and report the grave injustice done him. Of course I laughed at the idea, and that hurt him even more. He had then probably lost faith even in education, of which he had always considered me the immediate representative.

Often, when I think of this tragi-comic episode, I upbraid myself for not having written a fictitious letter to the President, and an equally "genuine" reply to it, since Kobur could not tell the difference. I could thus have saved the man's trust in America and perpetuated his happy, blissful Americanism. And yet again it may be just as well that I did not do so, for by now Kobur may be a better American because of the very disillusionment, since I myself, because of like experiences, though not similarly amusing, am a better and a more tempered American than I was when I but blindly trusted in the perfection and infallible righteousness of my adopted country.

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# With Our Readers

## Our Futile Efforts

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* — *Biloxi, Miss.*

SIR—Your sense of humor must be highly developed, that you should be willing to publish the denunciatory criticisms of your publication, which I find highly diverting. But what has most impressed me is the apparent lack of perception displayed by many of your critics, despite half a century of high-pressure education.

It seems clear to me that there has been not the slightest change, in principle, in the Outlook. Philosophic liberalism has always been its dominant note. When Dr. Lyman Abbott was its editor, it irritated me, for I had the conviction that he knew better; but Mr. Bellamy, who must come from a later vintage, the product of those "honorable professors" of whom he recently spoke, simply amuses me, for I feel that, like most of those who have enjoyed his advantages, he is helpless.

Being a convinced conservative, I never before felt any need for the Outlook, though long a reader of it; but now I wish to see just how far liberalism is willing to travel. The Outlook, moreover, is much more interesting that it has ever been.

Mr. Bellamy has doubtless learned within recent months that there are other issues quite as fanatical as abolitionism and that the Deity is the undoubted inspirer of all of them. Perhaps he now realizes the utter futility of trying to reason with a mind thus possessed.

J. D. BARBEE.

## Not Stuck at First Base

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* — *St. Petersburg, Fla.*

SIR—To Madam Sarah L. Dunning, I wish to say Mr. Bellamy is a wonderful asset to the Outlook and Independent. In fact the weekly could not be independent or educationally progressive without such concrete facts as are being presented from time to time.

From a financial standpoint, it is my opinion, the Outlook could do better by being content with advertising and news approved by the classes or, in other words, be content to stand at first base in the educational, political and theological field, as other elaborate weeklies have chosen to do.

Blazing the way educationally or otherwise is difficult and necessitates great courage. Too much moral and financial support, therefore, cannot be extended the Outlook and Independent.

E. E. CASSEL.

## Cerebral Cramps

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* — *Tenafly, N. J.*

SIR—I anticipate with joy the shellacking that Allene Talmey will probably receive from The Readers. I hope Clement Wood's harpoon is ready for the thick hide of A. T. or that some writer as capable as Wood will pen a few obituaries.

Macfadden's vices, faults, and inconsistencies are so well known and evident that even his own readers are quite aware of them. To pad the record with fiction, however, was quite surprising in the Outlook, while booming Walter Winchell and in the same breath calling attention to his new location on the Mirror was unethical, to say the least—and I use the term in the same sense that you would use it. It savors of the press agent's racket.

None of the principals are known to me personally and I very rarely read the Graphic. Hoping somebody is taken for an intellectual ride, I am yours for bigger and better cerebral cramps in both Outlook and Graphic.

J. ROBINSON VERNER.

## Error

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* — *Lindsay, Calif.*

SIR—I see on Page 137 of your May 28th issue an article about Psalms, etc. Well, what about the St. James Version of the Bible you mention? To tell the truth I never heard of it. It must be a new get up of an old story, or some new directory of religion. I've heard of the King James version, but I didn't ever hear that St. James or any other saint ever wrote a version of Holy Scripture.

DON W. ALLISON.

*Editor's Note*—The reference to the Saint James version of the Bible was due to a printer's error which escaped the proofreader. It should, of course, have been the King James version.

## Bouquet

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* — *Bay Head, N. J.*

SIR—Permit me to express my very hearty approval of your publication of the article on the activities of the famous B. Macfadden, entitled "Millions from Dumb-bells," which I know will receive the approval of many persons of the class who read the Outlook. I hope you will have necessity to run off many extra copies of the issue of June 4.

G. H. UNDERHILL.

## Pussyfoot Corner

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* — *Westfield, N.Y.*

SIR—As a rule I think the tone of your magazine is perfectly fair, but I was surprised to read your accusation of Governor Roosevelt for pussy-footing on prohibition.

You know Republican politicians are in the majority in the legislature at Albany and they are doing their "darnedest" to make life miserable for Governor Roosevelt, as they did for Governor Smith. I haven't a doubt when Governor Roosevelt gets good and ready he will come out flat-footed and express his views on prohibition as Dwight Morrow did . . .

You know and I know that the average woman hasn't a flair for politics, but Heine said a good many years ago, "A woman's opinion doesn't amount to much, but a man is a fool not to listen to her."

I know that the big bosses in the Republican party are hand in glove with the powerful corporations and that millionaires are almost exclusively Republicans. The majority of the women up state are Republican. They're slaves to a false ideal.

ALATHEA CUTTING.

## The Golden Rule

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* — *Reno*

SIR—Just a few lines of comment on two letters appearing in the section, "With Our Readers," one by a Rev. Edgar S. Jackson, April 23rd issue, the other by a Mr. Charles J. DeV. Keefe, May 21st issue.

Rev. Jackson's letter suggested that all the wets be put in a large city (very large) with a nice high wall around it and that all the booze be dumped in on them. The reverend gentleman forgets the "Golden Rule." If his opponents use a like standard, they will have all the drys put on the Sahara Desert, so they can reap the full benefit of dryness.

Mr. DeV. Keefe is very unkind to wish all the above crowd to move west to the sticks. We have plenty of troubles to take care of now, and I suspect this is also true of the inhabitants of the Sahara Desert, so it is a case of "live and let live."

I suppose the meaning Mr. Keefe wishes to impart when he says west to the sticks refers to one particular dry state. Living in Pennsylvania, he takes in a lot of territory when he says west and we Westerners resent being called out in the sticks. If to be in the sticks is to be dry, I hope Mr. DeV. Keefe has not overlooked the statement in the May 17th issue of Digest page 7, which states, "Also the wet banner has been snatched from the East to the far West."

It may be necessary to build pens and walls for such purposes as controlling natural forces, but let us not do that in our minds against some particular class (wet or dry) or section (East or West) of this old world. It is getting smaller and closer together, therefore, harmony should be the keynote, and not discord, for a better life to each and all of us.

G. BROOKS.

## American Inquisition

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* — *Rosemont, Pa.*

SIR—May I express the sincerest admiration of your leadership against the great American Inquisition, and particularly as against that exemplified in your current issue of June 11th.

It is with positively haunted feeling that I remember that if I had had a chance I would have voted gladly for the Eighteenth Amendment ten years ago, notwithstanding its infringement of personal taste, personal liberty, and even, as it turns out, the Bill of Rights. Six months after its adoption, there was planted in my soul the seeds of doubt which have steadily grown into an overwhelming conviction which I believe this time has an intelligent and moral basis. I am now what your editorial calls an out-and-out "wet." A lifelong Republican I voted wet in the Pennsylvania primaries and it is my intention to vote wet at every opportunity that comes my way until the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed. It so happens that my personal position and work are such that it has taken considerable nerve to come out into the open in this matter.

The Spanish Inquisitors, no doubt, included many moral and deeply religious persons who, whether they turned the thumb-screws with their own fingers or merely assented to the torture of their fellowmen because of their own supposedly moral principles, nevertheless are today regarded as bloody-minded fanatics blinded by their prejudices. Isn't it almost the greatest tragedy of the present situation in our country that because of a supposedly moral creed a minority of fanatics are today killing and torturing their fellow-Americans and making themselves responsible for the moral deterioration of our people?

Suppose we could shut up every American for life in order to prevent him from drinking a bottle of beer, would we add anything to the moral sense of the world, or do other than produce the utmost degree of loathing and bitterness?

WM. H. JEFFERYS.

## Heading for the Junk Pile

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* — *Neoga, Ill.*

SIR—I am so glad your great magazine is to make a thorough inquiry into the unknown facts about prohibition. Great! And to prove to the cockeyed world that you are sincere in your "inquiry" you kindly announce your verdict before you start. How kind of you.

When did the publication made famous by Lyman Abbott decide to make a monkey of itself? As a jokesmith you grade way below zero. Whom do you expect to fall for your stuff when you shout to the world that you are set-in-your-ways at the very outset? Do you think the people of America are nuts?

You try to tell us prohibition has been a failure . . . Strange indeed to find the wets crying salty tears over the "failure" of the dry laws. Some of these days we expect to see the bank robbers grieving over the failure of the laws against robbing banks. Why not? And yet you want us to think you are sincere. Talk about shams—talk about hypocrites—the genuine articles are the fellows who pretend as you do to mourn over the failure of the dry laws and at the same time do all you can to encourage breaking down the laws.

I have been a life long admirer of the Outlook but my respect for it was drowned in booze yesterday. I hope you are headed for the junk pile where you will find more of your ilk. And the quicker you land the better for all.

W. C. SWENGEL.

## Bored to Death

*To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:* — *Oil City, Pa.*

SIR—I opened the June 11th copy of your magazine this morning—saw another editorial on the same old subject and tossed it (the magazine) into the waste basket.

I hope that you and each member of your staff heard Will Rogers last evening when he spoke over the radio on prohibition. He seems to have joined William Lyon Phelps' "Bored to death" club and I am honored to be in such distinguished company.

MABEL C. CHASE.

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